



THE DUDE

DUDE
NOV.
50c



The magazine devoted to pleasure

THE
DECLINE
AND FALL
OF THE
AMERICAN
VAMP

● EDITOR'S
CHOICE:

"CHASTE,
CHASING,
CHASTENED!"

● THE DUDE
PROFILE:

JACKIE
KANNON—
COMIC'S
COMIC!

● "ULYSSES
IN BEAT
TOWN"



CHARLES H. KING / MIRIAM ALLEN deFORD / EARLE SCHELL / PAUL BROCK



...with the very latest twist of the status seeker's tail? (p. 8)...or the ultimate in inside, outdoor sports—"Stegopholy"? (p. 23)...or the languid loveliness of a truly indoor companion—Lorna Lane? (p. 17)

IN? OR OUT?

...in the rain with nothing to wear?
Don't let a smile be your umbrella—
see page 49 for **the** very best in
autumnal rainwear...



THE DUDE

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SOUND ON



Frank Sinatra's new record company is ring-a-dinging along with several new releases. In a swinging vein comes Calvin Jackson, a wildly exciting pianist, doing *Jazz Variations on Movie Themes* (Reprise 2007). Jackson, as Leonard Feather's smoothly written liner notes tell us, is practically indigenous to the film capital, if his several years of study and work on the east coast are not counted. In his mature years, he's been a composer-arranger-pianist, accompanying Larry Adler and Paul Draper at one time, and, more recently, writing scores for T.V.'s *The Asphalt Jungle*. The tunes he's culled from such films as *Never on Sunday*, *High Noon*, *Exodus*—and others—are done crisply and imaginatively. There are even some parodies of such greats as Garner, Shearing, Basie and Peterson.

Jimmy Witherspoon, the great blues singer, has also been recruited by Reprise (2008), but on this record he demonstrates another facet of his enormous talent. *Spoon* here applies his deep, throaty baritone to a wide range of pop tunes, running from "Lover Come Back to Me" to Fats's perennial, "Ain't Misbehavin'." Still sounds like blues—and still sounds good.

The Jubilee Four is a new spirituals group put together by Reprise (2006). The singers were culled from The Golden Gate Quartette and The Jubilaires, and they evidently didn't take long to learn each others' ranges. The standard repertoire, from "Shadrach" to "Go Where I Send Thee" is sung on this disc, but the arrangements are done with novel inspiration. "Let My People Go," for example, is introduced by several bars of the Hebrew "Eli Eli." Takes a couple of flips of the needle to get used to, but it's unusual . . . and interesting.

The Bach Guild has released two new records by their prolific counter-tenor, Alfred Deller. In some circles, the relative qualities of Deller, an Englishman, and Russel Oberlin,

America's best known countertenor, are argued with the fierceness of a political debate come November. But the difference to these untutored ears is about as small as that between the promises of the two major political platforms. In any case, Deller sweetly sings the 3 *Lecons des Tenebres* on BGS 5039, with Desmond Dupre, viola da gamba, Harry Gabb, organ, and Wilfred Brown, tenor. If listening to a male singer who sounds like a woman is a new experience for you, you'll want to skip the first side of this record, but the second, in which Deller is accompanied by Brown, is good for any ear.

An even better introduction to the beginning listener is *Deller's Choice*, "A Concert of Music both Rare and Rewarding" (BGS 5038). The countertenor here sings some of his favorites, including Frescobaldi, Blow, Purcell, Locke and Bach, and some of these may turn out to be your favorites, too.

Dum-de-dum-dum. With proper musical notation, you couldn't mistake that for anything else but Stan Freberg's zany take-off on *Dragnet* of some years ago. But Stan's scope has increased somewhat since then. He now *Presents The United States of America* on a recent Capitol release (W 1573). This record is a potpourri of yoks, with spoken dialogue, on the one hand, and great, big, funny musical production numbers on the other. The satire, ostensibly, is a Madison Avenue-eye view of the birth of these United States, but, while Freberg sings and talks about such musty figures as Washington, Betsy Ross, Columbus, and other characters of early American history, he takes a couple of digs at modern foibles, too, as witness, "Take an Indian to Lunch This Week" (sung by a pilgrim), or Ben Franklin characterizing the Declaration of Independence as a radical and subversive document, in "A Man Can't Be Too Careful What He Signs These Days."

RCA Victor has come up with a new sound gimmick that gives the illusion that the music, or performers, are dancing across your room. They call it "Stereo Action," and they package it in beautifully designed covers. Their newest releases are Vic Shoen's *Brass Laced with Strings* (LSA 2344) and *Sounds Terrific*, "The Chorus and Percussion of Keith Tex- tor" (LSA 2365). These sounds, and

what RCA's engineers have done with them, really have to be heard to be believed—but it would be encouraging if some more substantial music were given the advantage of these technical breakthroughs.

Like Mozart, for example (although, on second thought, maybe not), who has been given stellar treatment by Eleanor Steber in several of his best arias. The label, with which you may not be familiar, is St/And (SLP 406), taken from the names of Miss Steber, and her husband, Gordon Andrews. Miss Steber's rendering, is, as always, superior.

As is The English Chamber Orchestra's handling of two of Mozart's lighter pieces, The Divertimentos in D Major (K.251) and F Major (K.247). This is relaxing music at its finest, for which, thank L'Oiseau-Lyre (SOL 60029 stereo).

Bob Gibson is a fine young singer in the Elektra record stable. This is not to say his latest release, *Yes I See* (197) is a fine record. The Gospel Pearls, who back him up, have been made to sound like a group of screeching rock 'n roll singers, and Gibson's jived up rendering of some really good folk tunes is a travesty. Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger, whose "Springhill Mine Disaster" (beautifully done by them on Vanguard's Newport volume) is here destroyed by Gibson, should sue for infringement of something.

The Premise (Vanguard VRS-9092), when performed Off-Broadway, must have been hilarious. On wax, it is, of necessity, spotty. There's a bit too much shouting and a bit too much audience interruption. But if you collect this kind of thing, head your needle right for "The Chess Story," side two. It is almost worth the price of the entire record.

Jimmie The Kid, or as the disc jockey refer to him, "The late, great Jimmie Rodgers," has been re-pressed by RCA Victor (LPM 2213). If you have a weakness for commercial but genuine (that's not always a paradox) hillbilly music, with a solid folk and blues touch, make sure you add this to your collection. The jocks aren't kidding. He was great.

The Last of the Well Comedians is Harrison Baker, according to RCA Victor (LSP 2349). One side is "After Madison Avenue and Holly- (turn to page 74)



PUB-LICLY YOURS by Phil Strassberg

The guardian of this potpourri of potables and edibles is a native New Yorker—something *Dude* readers must have guessed by now. And if you haven't you should—especially after the writer has spent more than two years furnishing clues to it while reporting on restaurants and night-clubs across the country for you discriminating readers.

Which brings up the question put to me by many: How do you manage to make all these diverse geographical scenes? (This is sometimes followed by the question: To what do you owe your success with beauties anatomical, while cavorting with the objects gastronomical?)

Naturally, I shan't answer the latter query in detail, again. As already stated in previous columns good food, good surroundings, good wine and good shows will always do the trick. Well—almost always.

To answer the former: I've visited most places around the country at one time or another. True, there may be one or two that, because of lack of time, I haven't managed to visit. This is where I use my friendship with Pacemakers everywhere and have them catch a particular club or dining parlor and report on it to me.

One of the spots I haven't had a chance to visit—but certainly will next time I'm out there—is in California's San Fernando Valley. I was told about it, it intrigued me, and I assigned a pal who also dabbles in gourmet journalism to fill me in on the Gilded Rafters, at 8701 Sepulveda Boulevard—a jump, skip and hop from the Hollywoods.

Glamorous sounding name, Gilded Rafters, you say? It means what it says. The outer doors are hand inlaid with precious stones and plush red carpeting decorates the steps. Pretty good for what once was a decrepit coffee shop. Within there's a waiting room with fireplace and Italian cocktail tables. The cocktail lounge has an 88'er and huge windows overlooking pretty fountains.

The main dining room is decorated in soft green shades, thick carpets, soft lighting for romantics and relaxing booths.

The menu is superb and reasonable. Hot Creole shrimps could very well start off your evening of dining pleasure. One of the biggest tossed salads anywhere should come next. Then you may try the Coq Au Vin with the proper vintage to accompany it on its way down. If you prefer steak, Nat and Sylvia Hart—they're the proprietors—have the finest cuts on their menu.

For dessert, there are enticers like sliced oranges marinated in a liqueur or a parfait made with creme de cocoa.

The Gilded Rafters has a slick hideaway for Pacemakers and companions upstairs in the Golden Slipper Room. Red walls and carpets, antique stained glass chandeliers, two pianists—and, of course, gilded rafters in the ceiling—combine to help you to a fruitful answer to the second question I mentioned above.

She's got to dig you—especially since she'll want to keep your eyes on her instead of on the bar girls. Why? Because these chicks wear abbreviated Gay-Nineties costumes which will send your temperature up to the Hot Hundreds if you keep staring.

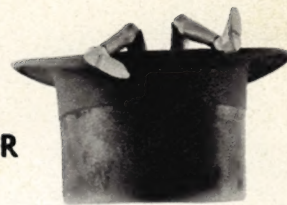
Speaking of staring, I think my California correspondent is suffering from an eye ailment. At least I think it's an eye ailment. He doesn't write too clearly. Best I could make out from his scribbling, either he caught conjunctivitis from one girl or he is working on a project in conjunction with her.

Closer to my home one of the finest places is the Water Wheel Inn in Ardsley, New York. You'll hate yourself if you don't take her for a night in the Star Drift Room. Because when the weather is clear, brothers William and Fred Lodes, who acquired possession of the premises back in 1955, press a button and the roof slides back and you're practically in Heaven.

High above Saw Mill River Road, this Water Wheel Inn—for years an old mill and later turned into a tea room—is on ten acres of exquisitely landscaped grounds. I'd be remiss if I didn't call it an urban banquet house of distinction.

It has a curved walk and a rustic wheel beside the entrance, which immediately create romantic atmosphere. The white leather bar and

(turn to page 74)



IN YOUR HAT

Some of the beefs about editing a magazine, and living, in this metropolis overlaid by a metropolis—the heat-conditioned subways, the drivers' market on cabs, the never-ending reaching, by steel and mortar, for every little available piece of sky still left—are more than familiar to you. Not so frequently, though, do you hear about the many pleasures that compensate for these pains.

One of these is New York's central location. As every local school boy knows, this town is planted smack in the middle of the United States, with all the rest of the country branching out from it.

But, kidding aside, it is central—geographically far out as it may be—because just about everybody passes through here at one time or another.

Latest case in point is the currently very busy, very prosperous, and *still* very funny Mort Sahl. Morton L., as



his mother dubbed him, doesn't make it often to this city, but just about once a year he knocks out the after-theater crowd at the Basin Street East niter.

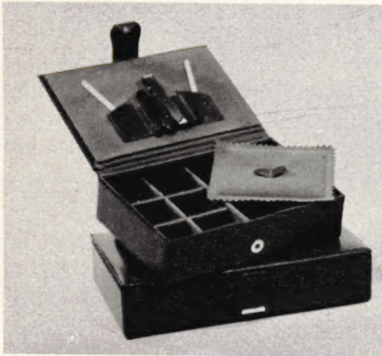
And this time around, he was nice enough to drop by *The Dude's* editorial offices, to see the raw material out of which your favorite magazine is put together. He remembered the profile *The Dude* did of him, just a year ago, and commented that it had more "guts" than most of the treatments he's received—even in political journals.

His final remark before leaving was far from politic, however. Said Sahl, "You know, sometimes I dig a business meeting more than a date with a chick. At least in business you're offered a cup of coffee once in a while. A broad do that? You *might* think you own her if she does..."

Which is a point to ponder . . . n.l.



queen's
corner



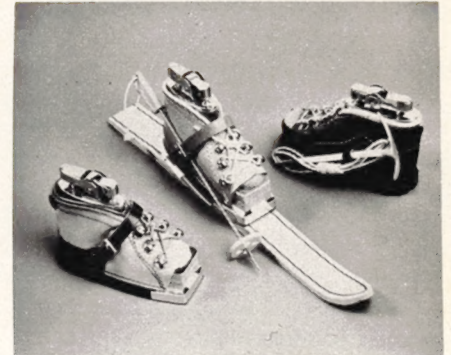
box for studs

The man of affairs knows there's a place for everything, and he wastes none of his valuable evening hours searching upstairs, downstairs, or in his lady's chamber for a mislaid stud. This top-grain cowhide stud box with six compartments was made in England by craftsmen who understand a gentleman's needs.....\$6.95



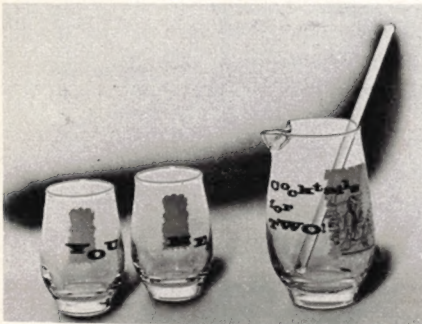
picture time cuff links

Being a man of many and diverse interests, you can now combine the time, on the one hand, with a picture of your lady-love, on the other. On one side of this unusual cuff link set is concealed a locket for your most provocative snap shot. On the other is a fine anti-magnetic watch\$16.95



a hot ski item

This is the hottest item you'll be able to take up to that ski lodge, or the steam-heated pad you might maintain elsewhere. Miniature ski and ski boot, together with accessories, is also a never-fail-cigarette lighter. Helps let your soft companion know the outdoors isn't your only interest\$4.95



cocktails for two

If you're tired of the usual cocktail party rounds, you might try a new kind—tete à tete—exclusive for two. "Cocktails for Two" is a sparkling four piece set that clearly labels the participants at your gathering: a glass for You, a glass for Me, a stirrer that gives the hint, and a shaker for Two\$2.95



flask for the hip

The un-hip will think the fine black English cowhide case hanging from your shoulder strap contains a transistor radio, but you and she will know there are twelve ounces of warmer music tucked away within. The bottle curves lovingly around your own hip, and there's a shot glass for the two of you to share.....\$8.95



roulette set

Whatever her second favorite game may be, you're ready to play if you come equipped with this all-purpose sporting kit. Besides a roulette set, the vinyl-covered case contains materials for backgammon, checkers, chess, and horse-race, as well as a table for the two of you to gamble on\$17.95

11/61

The Dude Magazine, 505 Eighth Ave., New York 18, New York

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

— SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER —

_____ box for studs

_____ cocktails for two

_____ picture time cuff links

_____ flask for the hip

_____ a hot ski item

_____ roulette set

Dear DUDE:

In your January issue, I noticed an article entitled "Love and the City." I liked the article very much. Naturally I looked to see who wrote it, who did the photography, etc., and you failed to mention anyone.

John M. Rosevear
Detroit, Mich.

Ed. Top photographer, Jerry Yulsman, did both the photographic and literary chores on this one. His name, incidentally, was mentioned in the lead-in.

Dear DUDE:

Just a short note to say thanks for your fine editorship of a fine magazine. I really enjoy the ribald, satirical articles. It's a rare pleasure to read a real man's magazine without some of "society's influences."

Thomas O'Brien
Bronx, N. Y.

Dear DUDE:

Finished writing to your editor, and I have another squawk—your "Hue and Cry" department has a drawing of a newsboy selling papers. This drawing looks to me like a direct steal from the picture on all *Boston Herald* trucks in the city of Boston. Please explain. Heck, our newsboy is about one hundred-and-fifty years old, and we love him.

Arthur T. Sollie
Boston, Mass.

Ed. So do we. Which is why we use his picture.

Dear DUDE:

Miss Anderson (Heidi, March *Dude*) should have no trouble getting ahead in movies or television, or anywhere, for that matter. But you didn't give her (), () and () uh-measurements. Not that numerals are a must, as anyone can plainly see, but they are important to the layman.

How're you gonna keep the nation's MANpower "down on the farm" when you run all these lovely ladies' photos in your magazine? Now you've got me wanting to go to Hollywood, and I'm not even a farmer!

James Wyler
Houston, Texas

Ed. We firmly believe that numbers are strictly for accountants. Our readers, we prefer to think, are connoisseurs, whose esthetic tastes rise above the common fetish for digits. So look, and enjoy, and save the numerals for your income tax.

Dear DUDE:

I don't know if you will be able to use this or not, but I thought it was cute enough to be of possible value to you: local bars here in Lancaster are equipped with certain "machines." A hand-written sign next to one such machine in a particularly dingy neighborhood boldly declares: "The Perfect Head Gas-ket for Hot Rods"!

Robert F. Heisse
Lancaster, Pa.

Dear DUDE:

I have just finished reading your July issue and am once again displeased with what I find in your pictorial essays. This issue, as your past issues have, portrayed mainly five parts of the female figure, and these are: (1) the face, (2) the bust, (3) the legs, (4) the buttocks, and (5) the back. Now I will agree that these are areas of great interest in regard to the female form, but I also think that the navel or abdominal region is an

important area of interest, and this region you omit. For as you put it on page twenty-nine of the July issue, "At various periods in western civilization the idealized part of the woman's body has ranged from the bust to the buttock, the legs to the neck . . ." This would automatically take in the abdominal region, and I would conjecture that many of your other readers today would like to see this section of the woman's body pictured as much as the upper section. I hope that in your future issues you will adopt the policy of photographing the entire female figure, for other than this point I think that you put out a well written magazine.

John Keeney
Winona, Minn.

Dear DUDE:

I was an art student in a Fine Arts college of a leading University. Never in my four years as a student had I seen more perfect models than those shown in *July Dude*. (Why hadn't I come across *Dude* before?) Your soul-awakening models inspired me to paint anew, for I had sworn never to paint again; there's no dough in Breadville for High Art paintings. So one day when I first picked up your magazine from a smoke shop rack I inadvertently opened to page nineteen of *July Dude*! Holy loquacious Lucretius! A buxom beauty belted me outta my doldrums and into orbit; away out, man, above the clouds then down to earth. But in memory I went back to the past when I was a young art student squeezing out flesh-colored oils on my palette, while other young students slambanged about, knocking easel and chair in a furious attempt to get the best angle from which to paint, as was the situation when a model like the one in *Dude* made the scene.

Note another photo of the same young lady; a solid torso so amazing in its perfection that Praxiteles might have carved it out of marble in ancient Greece. Thus inspired, I paid the pretty prude at the counter, dashed to the nearest artist supply store, bought some colored pencils and sprinted home. I set the photo of "Plenteous Bosom" up against a stack of books at arm's length, and sketched with zeal and zest. Working from a photo at a distance is like working from a model.

Now turn to page fifty in *July Dude*. See another young lady-like lovely in sculptured elegance, divinely enchanting, and from Richmond in Virginia, Suh! Honey-colored hair like twists of cotton candy. Nectar of the gods, man!

High Art
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear DUDE:

I enjoy your magazine thoroughly, as do my roommates. I am interested in buying a pair of "The *Dude* Shoes", sold by McCreedy & Schreiber. I wonder if you would forward the address of said company along with the size, price, etc. I believe the "In Your Hat" column in your magazine is a vital link in the popularity of *The Dude*.

G. R. Bowland
Laramie, Wyo.

Ed. McCreedy and Schreiber, 46 West 46th St., N.Y.C.

Dear DUDE:

Like you said, "Minnie the Moocher" is a collector's item. So how about more of that stunning Minnie, huh?

Ed Roberts
Vancouver, B.C.





satire . . . CHARLES H. KING The latest (tail) twist on, "How to Win From Friends and Influential People."

Men! This is what you've been drooling for! Buxom teen-age models go strip-nutty for YOU. Put the peek on them as they rip off their BLACK LACE pant . . . pant . . . PANTIES! Wipe your chin and slip me a buck for a FREE catalog. Hurry, hurry! I may be raided at any time. State age and blood pressure.

Byron took another mouthful of chili and turned the page. The ads were certainly the best part of *Virile Fantasies*.

Worried about fallout and the high cost of living? Learn what the sages of the ages thought about these problems. Two hundred scholars spent eleven man-lives of effort boiling down the thousand great books of our Judeo-Christian heritage to 127 pages of Basic English. Bound in limp leather with a visible index, this is a book to croon over. (turn over)



Status
is a
Very
Prolix
Thing



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD GOODMAN

WILLARD GOODMAN

Too much for me, thought Byron. There ought to be an easy way to get culture.

SCIENTIFICALLY PROVEN!
A big vocabulary guarantees success!
Send \$2.50 for my FREE book, Six Weeks to a College Education.

Byron's eyes swiveled to a low-angle shot of Dee Dee Wigglesworth (37-25-36, *likes short men with glasses, collects bottlecaps, sleeps in the raw*). His heart was racing, but not for her.

He remembered reading an article in a pocket magazine which said the bigger the job a man had, the bigger his vocabulary was likely to be. Business was a heaven in which vocabulary was a virtue. Byron had been so impressed at the time that he had tried to memorize the dictionary. After a week of talking about aardvarks to his co-workers at the electric organ factory, he had pitched the book into an airshaft.

"The dictionary is mostly cob," he grouched. "There ought to be an easy way to learn just the words the executives know and use."

And now it was vouchsafed, on the same page with Miss Dee Dee Wigglesworth and an ad for hair-restorer.

Byron looked around his apartment at the tumulus of chest-expanders, musical instruments, correspondence school radio parts and two-color wall charts explaining Mental Mastery. For a moment he knew despair. Would this fair dream gutter out like all the others? He kicked over a chair.

"By thunder, I'm going to risk \$2.50 and see what Word Power can do for me!"

Byron wrote away. In the days that followed he dreamed of the success that was to be his, a vague thing of paneled offices and custom-built automobiles. He said nothing of these dreams to the boys at the organ factory; he was tired of their jeers. But he did tell Trashnia, the beefy Bickford's bus-girl who had claimed his heart away from him.

That Saturday night, after the usual horror movie on Forty-second Street, he poured out his hopes of money and power.

"I know I'll make it, darling. Word Mastery insures success," he finished, his face flushed, his hair hanging in his eyes.

"Byron, you're not just simple. You're *bull* simple," she sympathized.

But later, in her doorway, she let him paw her a little longer than usual.

"You're ambitious, Byron. That's nice. Someday maybe you'll get to be a foreman at the organ factory." And she kissed him good-night.

Six Weeks to a College Education was a pamphlet of testimonials from grain and feed executives who had taken the Wonder Course and learned the Words With a Wallop. It began with a message from L. Talon, president of the Vocabulary Institute:

"Why is it others grab the prettiest girls and the top-pay jobs? The reason is because they possess FLUENCY, the ability to use big words in conversation. Remember the old joke, 'I know a lot, I just can't think of it'? What that man needed was *words*, flexible, potent words to express himself with. Just six weeks from today you'll be a new man, self-assured, confident, a go-getter. Statuesque women will battle for your glance, captains of industry will scuffle to shake your hand. For it has been **SCIENTIFICALLY PROVEN!** A big vocabulary guarantees success! Enroll now, today, while there is yet time. It may change your life!"

Byron gritted his teeth and ponied up thirty-five dollars for the six-week personalized course, "tailored to *your* needs and abilities." He took the enclosed personalized test and sent it along with the money. Soon he received his first lesson, and a personal mimeographed letter from L. Talon, which began:

Dear Byron,

The next time you listen to one of the President's Fireside Talks...

But Byron didn't mind. He was used to personal letters like that. He tossed it in a drawer with his World's Great Paintings flash-cards and got down to work.

Each week there were fifty words to pronounce aloud, visualize with the eyes shut, write in the air with a finger and use in sentences. At week's end there was a little test to take. Byron usually scored "Good" rather than "Superior" or even "Excellent," but he was encouraged. This was certainly easier than the course in diesel engines he had tried the summer before.

It was after the third week that the trouble began. The organ factory had ordered fifty thousand felt strips, each of which had arrived a sixteenth of an inch too short. Byron was put to work stretching them. The first day he stretched only nine hundred. When

the foreman complained, Byron replied, "I'm sorry, Joe. I'll try to be more sedulous."

Joe gave him a look.

"Don't be so obdurate. I was lost in lucubration today, but..."

"Lost where?" asked Joe ominously.

"I was excogitating."

"On company time?"

After that, Byron was known as "Big-Words," or just plain "Freak" for short.

Two days after he had completed his vocabulary course, he called a co-worker an ambivert. In the rumble that followed Byron got a black eye and a pink slip for fighting on the job.

That week-end he was walking in Brooklyn with Trashnia. At one point they were separated by an iron fence. Byron remarked that he'd like to kiss her in the interstices. She jumped into a cab and disappeared. Every time Byron called her home he got her brother, a longshoreman.

"Listen, Freak. You stay away from Trashnia or I'll bust your head. I know how to handle guys like you!"

Job and girl, both gone. But Byron was not cast down. He took it as an omen. For had the job been a *top-pay* job? Had the girl been one of the *prettiest*? Obviously, fate was clearing the decks for *guaranteed* success.

Not that fate could do *all* the work. Right now he needed a new job, something that combined unusual financial rewards with a chance to do something of real importance, something socially valuable.

Of course! He'd go into advertising!

Byron spent the last of his savings on a Continental Ivy League suit, wrote a resume using all three hundred Words of Power and marched on Madison Avenue.

The first day he went to six agencies. In each one the receptionist smirked briefly over his twenty-page resume (which included an *Ode to Duty* and had a pressed flower on every page) and then brushed him off so deftly that he was still nodding hopefully when he hit the street.

One girl, from Music and Art High School, stared at him for a long moment over her phosphorescent nail polish and summed it up.

"Junior," she told him, "you're soft as a grape."

"Yeah, ya jerk," put in the janitor, who happened to be there disinfecting
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THE CASH SYNDROME

**Money may not grow on
trees, but did you ever
observe the regenera-
tive power of the all-
fertile dollar?**

Being a talent isn't enough, being a con man isn't enough, and being a lover *definitely* isn't enough. How then does a young man, healthy of limb, sound of mind, and itching to get a taste of high life go about spending the big green at a breakneck pace and leave his creditors just drooling to pour more fresh cabbage into his waiting hands?

It isn't easy, but it's a lot easier than most young high-riders imagine. First off, when spending someone else's money, don't scrimp. It just isn't done. Your creditor wants you to show confidence in his ability to come up with more money. He needs your show of disregard to bolster his self-

confidence. So . . . *never*, but never try to pinch pennies . . . his pennies.

Now, you just don't walk up and ask someone for a handout. You've got to approach a prospective creditor with something that he can sink his teeth into, closely followed by his cash. Dig deep into your well of useless knowledge and see if there isn't one little scrap of an idea that suggests sheer lunacy. If you can come up with it, you're well on your way. For if there's anything in this world, or any other world, that can launch a young man it's an idea tinged with lunacy, backed by an unwavering confidence in that idea.

I have a friend whose name is un-



"That was my husband on the phone. He has a very suspicious mind. He thinks I do nothing but sit and watch TV while he's at work."

known by most, but who has lived it up on his first million and is now well on his way to spending that second million. He is completely honest, and would shirk at the very idea that he would ever have to lie to obtain the necessary funds for his high living.

Let's call him Bruce for that's his favorite name, although he was born with another one. Bruce liked to look at theater first nighters even while he was still in his early teens. He liked the expensive cut of the men's tuxedos, and the perfumed elegance of the lively ladies. Before he hit his fifteenth birthday, a plan had formulated in his mind. He determined to write a play that would never become a hit, and one that he hoped would never be done, but one that would take him around the world in the style he imagined playwrights in the pre-tax era traveled.

He took a theme for his play, not any theme, but a most provocative theme. There are, he found out, a select group of investors who specifically seek out provocative plays in which to throw tax loss money.

Bruce, being clever with words, exploited his one quick talent, that of writing a slick surface to a piece of work that would always need just a bit of rewriting.

He took a mother, begot her a daughter, let them both grow up; then while the daughter was flowering and the mother blooming into a Marlene Dietrich, he wrote a male character filled with virility into the plot. The rest was easy, for in no time flat he had himself a full size triangle of a love affair. That, in case one isn't certain, is one plot that never fails to attract a backer. Now, Bruce quickly got a backer, but held off on getting a second backer because this would put him too close to getting all the production money needed to put the play on the Broadway boards.

So, Bruce held off, did a bit of rewriting, got a second backer in while the money of the first backer was running out, then got the first backer to come in bigger than before because he had been clever enough to choose a backer that his first backer hated, thereby creating a competitive angle to his bargaining powers.

Bruce talked both backers into the barren notion that the play might be better off as a movie, and so before they could say "David Merrick," Bruce was on a jet and winging his way toward Hollywood. He took the penthouse in a swank Beverly Hills hotel, and at \$100 a day began to slowly check into the availability of Marlon Brando, Marilyn Monroe and

Greto Garbo, and would settle for no less than these three personages for his epic. He began to worry when he heard Brando was interested in doing the property.

One bright morning, just after Bruce had emerged from the king size pool after his daily dip, the manager hesitantly approached him and informed him his bill was in the neighborhood of \$7,000. Bruce tow-eled off as nonchalantly as if the manager were a million miles away, and then informed this flustered gentleman that he couldn't be bothered with petty cash items at that point since his movie deal was too close to completion.

The manager looked both ways, to be sure they couldn't be overheard, then said: "Sir, I used to be an actor. Could I possibly read your script?"

Bruce wasn't sure the manager wasn't just testing him to be sure there actually was a script, so he made a big show of letting the manager read the script. A day later the youngish manager, still thinking no doubt of reactivating his thespian career before his hairline gave out, said:

"It's great, Mr. Bruce, sir. Just great. I know Brando will love it. And the part of Brando's friend is a real gem. I'd like to . . ."

Bruce could smell the actor coming through the manager's fancy jacket, and with \$7,000 hanging over him answered:

"George, baby, you'd be just *great* for the friend part. Maybe even win an Oscar. Yes sir, I want you on my team."

Bruce wasn't bothered about the bill again for six more months. By that time, the auditors, although impressed with the manager's description of Bruce's script, had to admit even to themselves that they weren't running a charity ward, and so politely asked Bruce to leave the premises.

Bruce, by then, had himself an oil heiress for a backer. He'd made her acquaintance from the top of the diving board at the hotel, and before she knew it, she was swimmingly in love. Bruce opened up a big production office, registered in the penthouse of a rival hotel, and for the next year kept turning down deals for various stars to star in his epic.

In the six years since he wrote his epic, Bruce has gone through just over a million dollars, and is well on

his way to hitting the two million mark. He figures that even with the big hit that his picture-play promised to be, his personal take could never have hit two million dollars. His credit is unlimited, especially since various columnists have hinted that the script is wanted by every star in the entertainment world. He will never sell it, and his credit rating will go even higher. And this is Bruce's way of beating the game.

Now everyone of course is no Bruce. But still there are other ways of spending a million and borrowing more.

Inventions aren't a bad gimmick. Come up with anything, just as long as it requires extensive capital. Big investors don't like to come in small, since it cuts into their reputation for wheeling and dealing.

Now the chances of getting rich on an invention are not too bright. But the chances of getting at least a million out of an invention that *almost* makes it are far brighter. Options are easy to come by, as long as you leave just one little flaw in your invention, something that just keeps it out of the completed invention category.

Another friend of mine, call him Herman, has already gone through \$300,000, and will surely hit a million before everyone concerned agrees that a glacier-into-an-oil field is one converter that takes more than a bit of doing. But Herman has wisely chosen an area of choice investment. People love to hit oil wells. And since glaciers cover so much of the world, with their huge floating appearance, the idea of hitting it big, as *big* as a glacier, is a perfect tie-in. Herman has almost come up with something that at least on paper looks as if it has a chance to succeed at the job. But, of course, Herman knows the chances are still slim, even with a perfect converter, for him to profit big, so he keeps missing the final peg in the invention, and keeps living it up at such non-inventive spots as Biarritz, Cap-d' Antibes and Cannes.

One requisite for running up a million in credit, and heading toward a second million, is a set of steel nerves. When a creditor approaches, hoping to pull out of his investment or dun you for your total due, take the offensive before he can speak. Rather than wait for him to take the negative approach, hit him for more of an investment in you by coming

up with a glowing report of whatever project he has given you credit for.

"We're almost there," is a good catch phrase. "Another two months and the profits will start rolling in."

With that remark, you've almost always hit the mark. But one of the most important features of that type of maneuver is that you yourself believe absolutely in the statement. Any smart operator can read you as a phoney if you're just giving him a well rehearsed spiel. The important thing is sincerity, because belief in a dream can buy you a lot of champagne and caviar.

Another prime requisite is this: Always Travel First Class. A prospective deal always hinges on your looking as if your million is just around the corner. But leave an air of casualness about you, as if playing the fashion plate role twenty-four hours a day is strictly for pretenders. People like to bet on eccentrics. It gives them more confidence in their own stability by investing in a non-conformist who gives them promise of untold riches. There may be richer men than Howard Hughes, but when he walks into the Stork Club in

sneakers, everyone is on his side. Take the hint, relax, wear a flowing robe or something equally pretentious to a ball, and watch as every eye in the room sizes you up for eccentricity. Don't overdo the flowing robe bit, or they'll label you a "weirdo," and nothing is surer death to borrowing millions than to be so tabbed. Just throw them off guard with an occasional foray into the world of the eccentric. It's like rolling a natural seven.

Check into the best places, eat the finest foods, drink the best liquors. Don't, however, be tabbed a lush. *Ever*. Drunks are never invested in. Not by people with ready money.

If you come up with *the* gimmick, use it well for it may become your passport to \$1,000,000. But always follow the rules. Don't ever be caught drunk. Don't chase after a creditor's wife. And, above all, don't ever lose your colossal nerve. If you do, it might very well spell J-A-I-L. And whoever heard of anyone giving a tinker's damn about a drunken jailbird who was a wife chaser in the bargain?

OO



"I don't think I should go out tonight, Jim. My doctor says I have a slight touch of nymphomania."

***It was the only kind of balm he
could bring to his own private
Gilead . . .***

At fifty-eight, Jared Sloane had the settled habits of a lifelong bachelor. At six o'clock in summer and seven in winter, he put out the lights, locked up and went back to his living quarters. He showered and shaved and put on clothes less formal than his profession demanded, then cooked his supper and cleared it away.

Then he laid the phone extension on the bedroom floor where he would be sure to hear it if it rang, unlocked the tight-fitting door leading from the kitchen, and went downstairs for the evening with his family.

Old Mr. Shallcross, from whom he had bought the building twenty years before, had used the cellar only for storage. But every man who was young and on his own in the big Depression acquired a smattering of many skills, and Jared was no exception; he had sawed and hammered and painted, and what had once been a cellar was now a big, comfortable sitting room, its two small high-up windows always covered with heavy curtains. He was not competent to install electric lights, but he had run a pipe from the kitchen range to the old gas chandelier which, like most of the furniture he had repainted and re-upholstered, had come from a glorified junk shop he patronized in McMinnville, the county seat. The room was always cool, and in winter it was so chilly that he had to wear his overcoat, but that was necessary and he no longer noticed it.

They were always there, waiting for him. Dad was in the big easy chair, reading the *Middleton Gazette*. Mother was knitting a sock. Grandma was dozing on the couch—she dozed all the time; she was nearly ninety. brother Ben and sister Emma were playing whist, sitting in straight chairs at the little table, the cards held cannily against Ben's white shirt and Emma's ruffled foulard print. Gussie, Jared's wife, sat at the piano, her fingers arrested on the keys, her head turned to smile at him as he entered. Luke, his ten-year-old son, sat on the



**"A
Death
in
the Family"**

floor, a half-built model ship before him.

Jared would sit down in the one vacant place, a big comfortable club chair upholstered in plum-colored plush, and would chat with them until bedtime. He told them all the day's doings upstairs, commented on news of the town and of the people they knew, repeated stories and jokes (carefully expurgated) he had heard from salesmen, expressed his views and opinions on any subject that came into his mind. They never argued or contradicted him. They never answered.

Their clothes changed with the seasons and the styles; otherwise the scene never altered. When bedtime came, Jared yawned, stretched, said, "Well, goodnight all—pleasant dreams," turned out the overhead light, climbed the stairs, locked the door behind him and went to bed. For a while he had always kissed his wife on the forehead for goodnight, but he felt that the others might be jealous, and now he showed no favoritism.

The family had not always played their present roles. Once they had all had different names. They had been other people's grandmother and father and mother and sister and brother and wife and son. Now they were his.

He had waited a long time for some of them—for relatives of just the right age, with the right family resemblance. Gussie he had loved, quietly and patiently, for years before she became his wife; she had been Mrs. Ralph Stiegeler then, the wife of the Middleton Drugstore owner, and she had never guessed that Jared Sloane was in love with her. Her name really was Gussie; Ben and Emma and Luke just had names he liked. She was the nucleus of the family; all the others had been added later, one by one. Grandma, strange to say, had been with them the shortest time—little more than a year. All the family needed now to be complete was a daughter, and Jared had already picked her name—she would be called Martha. He liked old-fashioned names; they belonged to the past, to his lonely boyhood in the orphan asylum where he had lived all his life until he was sixteen.

He still remembered bitterly how the others had jeered at him, a foundling whose very name had been given at the whim of the superintendent after he had been found, wrapped in

a torn sheet, on the asylum steps. The others were orphans, but they knew who they were; they had aunts and uncles and cousins who wrote them letters and came to see them and sent them presents at Christmas and birthdays, whom they visited sometimes and who often paid for all or part of their keep. Jared Sloane had nobody.

That was why he had wanted so large a family. Every evening now he was a man with parents, a brother, a sister, a wife and child. (Grandma was a lucky fluke; he had kept an eye on old Mrs. Atkinson and it had paid off.) There was no more room for another adult member of the family, but Martha, when he found her, could sit on a cushion on the floor beside her brother, and play with a doll he would buy for her or do something else domestic and childish and feminine. He decided that she should be younger than Luke—say seven or eight, old enough to enjoy her father's conversation, not so young as to need the care called for by a small child.

Every night, in bed, before he set the alarm and put his teeth in the tumbler, Jared Sloane uttered a grateful little unvoiced prayer to someone or something—perhaps to himself—a prayer of thanks for the wonderful, unheard-of idea that had come to him ten years ago when, in the middle of a sleepless, mourning night, he had suddenly realized how he could make Gussie his wife and keep her with him as long as he himself lived. Ralph Stiegeler had called him only that afternoon. Out of nowhere there had come to him the daring, frightening scheme, full-fledged as Pallas Athene from the head of Zeus.

He had gambled on discovery, ruin, imprisonment, disgrace, against the fulfillment of his dearest and most secret dream—to have a family of his own. And he had won. After Gussie, the rest had been easy. He could not foresee, but he could choose. He blessed Middleton for being a small town where there was need for only one man of his profession, and he could get all the business there was. He had hesitated when first he came here, fresh from college, fearing there would not be a livelihood for him in the town and the farms around it. But he was frugal, he loved quiet, and he dreaded the scramble and competition of a big city firm; here he would be on his own from the beginning. When he had learned through a notice in a trade paper that old Mr.

Shallcross wanted to sell his establishment and good will and retire, Jared had answered him.

To his happiness he found that the little nest egg he had accumulated by hard labor all through his younger years—he had been too young for one war and too old for the other—which had enabled him to be trained in the one profession that had always attracted him, would stretch to cover Mr. Shallcross's modest demands. Within a week the business had changed hands. Now he had long been a settled feature of Middleton; and if he had never been a mixer or made any close friends, he was well-known, respected—and, beyond all, above suspicion.

Everything was always done just as the mourners wished. The funeral was held from the home of the deceased or from his own beautifully redecorated chapel, as they preferred. (That had been his chief terror about Gussie, but everything went his way—Ralph immediately asked for the chapel. He remembered with chagrin how, later on, he had lost a splendid former candidate for brother Ben, because Charles Holden's mother insisted on having the services at the farmhouse.) The deceased, a work of art by a fine embalmer worthy of any big city funeral parlor, lay dressed in his best in the casket, surrounded by flowers and wreaths and set pieces. When the minister had finished, Miss Hattie Blackstock played the organ softly, and then at Jared Sloane's signal the company passed in single file for the last look. The immediate relatives came last. Then they all filed out to enter the waiting cars for the trip to the cemetery. (No one who was to be cremated instead of buried could ever become a member of Jared's family, of course.)

Then came the crucial moment. Most vividly Jared remembered that first time, when it was Gussie, when everything depended on timing and resolution and luck.

The pallbearers waited for him to close the casket, so that they could carry it out to the hearse. In a city funeral, the assistants would have been taking the flowers out, but Jared had no assistant. In that small town, where he knew everybody and everybody knew him, it was natural to say: "Look, fellows, I don't want to hold things up too long; it's hard enough on her folks as it is. I've taken the

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI/VISTA



"Ebon," according to the redoubtable Mister Webster, is a poetical form for ebony, or black. Black, of course, is described as the absence of color. And this gives rise to some interesting observations about ebon-haired and hazel-eyed Lorna Lane. ● In spite of what the lexicographers say about the color of the raven, it certainly can't be taken to mean that Miss Lane is colorless. From the tips of her twinkling toes (she studies modern dance) to the top of her jet coiffure, she exudes life, sparkle and vitality. This may be belaboring a point, for even the deceptive and frequently unflattering camera cannot hide Miss Lane's very physical vivacity. ● But what often defies the lens are the intangibles of a lady like Lorna. And a lady she is, whole, complete and fully rounded (no pun intended). The poetical comparison made a few lines ago is an apt one, for Lorna has often been told by admirers that she has a poet's soul. And indeed she has—at least in her reading habits, where Yeats, Eliot, Auden and Cummings rate high. She also reads some of the more abstract moderns, but she doesn't worry about their lack of form—this, she feels, her well-ordered intellect can supply. Other comments may be made about form in this context, but why underscore the obvious? ● Lorna, who is languishing prettily in the film capital, hoping soon to escape from



the bit roles and walk-ons that are the bane of the neophyte's existence, tells her interviewers that she is single (why not? she's only twenty-one), but that she doesn't hope to remain so for very long. ● This doesn't mean she has any particular male in mind, but her ideas about what she wants in a man are quite explicit and quite definite. ● He must be, for example, at least six feet tall, dark and an Adonis for looks. Lorna has theories about this. She's beautiful, and *knows* she is, and feels that mutual and continued physical attraction in a relationship is essential to it. ● Her man must also be intellectual, for, as already intimated, she is, too, and Lorna knows that a good mental relationship is as important an aspect of compatability as anything else. ● Sense of humor? Of course. ● Income? Well, enough to live comfortably. Lorna's tastes are relatively simple, running to the simpler types of sports cars (Mercedes will do), living quarters that are unpretentious (a twelve room house in the country would be fine, as long as it had several acres surrounding it—gamboling is one of her hobbies), and clothes that are unostentatious (simple accouterments, she believes, look best with the type of jewelry she prefers). ● How will she meet this paragon of "U" masculinity? Those with letter writing penchants need not apply, for she feels strongly against mail order correspondences—the story of *Cyrano* lingering too strongly in her consciousness. No, she has theories about this, too. Lorna's very







sensitive imagination has conjured up a notion that *kismet* will somehow influence the relationship which she hopes to make last a lifetime. ● How *kismet* will do this, she does not know. When she meets Mr. X (who, incidentally, had better smoke a more expensive brand of cigarettes than *Brand X* — for Lorna will *not* settle for second best), it may be casually at a swimming pool at a friend's place in Beverly Hills, or on the set of one the studios where she

works—or for that matter, it may be as casual as a chance encounter on the bus to work: the man considerate enough to offer her a seat, for example, or the fellow lucky enough to be there when she drops her scented handkerchief (unintentionally, of course—the *kismet* notion requires that there be absolutely no contrivance). ● Lorna shouldn't have a difficult time meeting the man of her dreams. As the baseball buffs say, the breaks come to those

who make them. And she most definitely has the qualities with which to make 'em. By now you may have even discovered this for yourself. ● Problem is, however, that some non-believing wags, admirers of Lorna though they may be, have scoffed at this *kismet* business. They say that Lorna Lane has taken on the task of a comic strip namesake, Lois Lane. (Remember her?) And Lorna, they maintain, is trying to emulate her. ● Maybe they're right.

STEGOPHOLY, ANYONE?

If you must indulge in an outdoor sport, try one that's not only way out, but way up!

A painful blow has been struck against that exclusive and world-wide fraternity of daring young men known as The Stegopholists, or Masonry Mountaineers, or, plainer still, Roof Climbers. The practicing of their weird sport on the precipitous walls of the Martyr's Memorial at Oxford University, England, has been irrevocably banned. A notice signed by the Vice-Chancellor has appeared in all lodges of that famous college, stating that anyone caught shinnying to the peak of the tempting Martyr's pinnacle would be "sent down," or bounced.

This sad step represents the final stage in a culmination of events hilariously shared by one daring group of stegopholists, in which a round, pale object starred—"a domestic utensil much favored by past generations"—as the august *Times* of London described it—which welcomed the rising

sun from atop the topmost spire of the Memorial not too long ago. It caused a flutter of excitement and admiration throughout stegopholist circles on both sides of the Atlantic. And if the sensitive citizens of Oxford blushed, they also marveled that any young man could climb such a dizzy spire in the daylight, let alone at night and encumbered by the said round object, without damaging the projections or splattering himself on the sidewalk in the gallant attempt to place his burden in position.

On that historic morning hundreds of faces tilted in the direction of the offending utensil. Blushing firemen tried hard to reach this "Martyr's Crown," but odds against its removal that day lengthened when the perilous heights forced them back in disorder. They lengthened further when a rotund constable carrying a rifle took up a strategic firing position and attempted to shatter the utensil with a bullet. The "ping" of the slug proved the object to be of tin, and the masonry mountaineer who had placed it there a man of foresight.

Howls of glee mocked the red-faced minion of the law, and ever since, tourists buying picture post cards depicting the famed Martyr's Memorial have had to face the store clerk's innocent-sounding query: "Yes, sir . . . with or without?"

Episodes such as that have forced prosperous owners of climbable buildings to invest substantial sums in erecting formidable obstacles to deny night climbers access to dizzy architectural summits. But stegopholists welcome hazards, demonstrating their prowess by "turning" the obstacles, or creating new records by making "direct attacks on the face."

Masonry mountaineering as described by enthusiasts at Reed College, Oregon, where the sport is worshiped with a fervor unequaled anywhere, is "the ascent of any object whatever raised above the level of the surrounding ground." That object may be a building, a pylon, a TV transmitter mast, the crow's nest of a ship, the nose cone of a moon rocket or the statue of some revered politician. The masonry mountaineer must admit, if he is honest, that there is no logical excuse, let alone reason, for his sport. Only a distinct kink in his brain-pan is responsible for the intense pleasure that comes to him from an evening spent on the soaring slippery slopes of some high edifice.

Yet the sport has a terrific pedigree. One early ascent is painstakingly recorded, describing the conquest of the old Saint Paul's Cathedral, London, in Elizabethan times. The hero who pioneered this feat was sentenced to "ten days in ye stocks" and pelted with rotten eggs.

Lord Clive, conqueror of India, scaled a church tower in a fit of pique, and split his trousers from top to bottom; whereas the bad Lord Byron made one of the first recorded climbs on Trinity Library, Cambridge. Records of their successes are preserved for posterity in at least three guide books for addicts of the sport: "Night-Climbers of Cambridge"; "The Roof-Climber's Guide to Trinity"; and "The Roof-Climber's Guide to St. John's." And if the speed with which these slim volumes still sell is any guide, modern college students lack none of the daring displayed by their predecessors.

The first book mentioned was also the world's first guide to the climbing of buildings. It was published as a May Week joke, applying to building climbing the terms of rock climbing then coming into general use. It describes, with apt quotations from the classics, many delectable climbs on the roof of Cambridge University, and is illustrated by intriguing sketches. It also included a masterly ground plan by a climber who later became a prominent Lord. Among masonry mountaineers it is now a treasured and holy work, and among booksellers "an extremely good buy."

A few months after its publication came "Wall and Roof Climbing" by the same anonymous author, giving a "short outline of the history and literature, ancient and modern, and an account of the laws, methods, appliances, and phraseology peculiar to the art."

These books carried the art of masonry mountaineering far beyond university walls on both sides of the Atlantic. Today no tempting structure escapes the footprints of the stegopholists, and the last few years in England have seen the main facade of the Home Office, and the rear of London's Y.M.C.A., succumb to rubber soles as a result of sporting wagers. Tensile fingers have gripped the topmost bar of Rugby's great radio and television masts. Stirling Castle's ancient face has felt the probings of strong toes, and the main walls of Dover's weathered castle,

including the walled moat, have been scaled many times by nocturnal enthusiasts.

Stegopholy is growing in popularity. Writers, soldiers, surgeons, and at least one bishop have taken it up, while it has even exercised its fascination over sober administrators of the law.

The official face must, if only for legal reasons, turn a disapproving eye on the sport. The masonry mountaineer has yet to be accorded the license given to the baseball or cricket player, and until that occurs, the recording of curious climbs will require as much discretion as climbing skill.

Projects involved are divided into those that are difficult and those that are dangerous. When both virtues meet, the climb is transformed into a legend—an ascent to be repeated only once or twice in a generation. Of such fame are the bold faces of Westminster Cathedral and Big Ben; the direct ascent of Beachy Head with an entire lack of modern Commando equipment; and the climbing of the 295-foot high Skylon, which was conquered one midnight during London's South Bank Exhibition. When dawn broke on that momentous day, officials were puzzled to notice that the hundreds of flags and banners adorning the soaring skylon had been rendered even more colorful by the addition on the topmost point of one large University of London blue scarf.

Cambridge, of course, has always held the lead both in the number and in the variety of its climbs. One of the most amusing concerns the great Gate of Trinity. Halfway up its sixty feet of stone there stands a statue of King Henry VIII, holding in his hand a gilded (or was it golden?) baton.

When renovators first put scaffolding over the face of the gate, it was found that a chair leg had been substituted for the baton. To later climbers the problem of the first ascent had always been a mystery, only recently solved by the finding of an old, annotated copy of "Trinity Roofs." In all probability only two people have ever known when, and at whose hands, the substitution took place.

Many ascents of the Chapel, Trinity College, have been made, for it is the Valhalla of all Cambridge climbers. According to tradition the first victory over this masonry challenge was achieved by a pacifist during the First World War to prove the existence of debatable courage. Many fol-

lowed him, and in 1932 two umbrellas were deposited on the pinnacles and were shot down the following morning. The next night two Union Jacks appeared. With dignified emotion, the hired shotgun expert refused to fire upon the British flag, and it cost the irate Dean of the university two hundred dollars in steeplejacks to get the flags down.

Oxford is the second traditional city for the masonry mountaineers, and it can boast the almost legendary traverse from Balliol to Keble, a traverse immense both in its length and in its climbing difficulties. Tradition avers that Lawrence of Arabia was one of the few men ever to have made the climb in its entirety.

At Oxford, also, a future Archbishop removed a nearly inaccessible statue and left in its place a note to the Dean exhorting him to read Matthew VI:20, "But lay up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

But it should not be imagined that masonry mountaineering is restricted to the universities or to the scatter-brained. Many genuine cragsmen and mountaineers keep themselves in trim by pitting their skill against the hazards and varied "faces" offered by brickstacks and reinforced concrete. Rand Herron, a famed U.S. climber, was one who appreciated the sport of stegopholy in its lighter and finer variations. He fell to his death by a slip on the Great Pyramid. Harry Gibson was another one, of whom it was said in the "Alpine Journal" that "he climbed whenever his work and his restricted means allowed, and he climbed anything with pleasure. Boulders, sea-rocks, quarries, buildings sacred and profane, all contributed to satisfying his appetite."

Perhaps the greatest of the original stegopholists was O. G. Jones, ace rock climber of the last century. The pursuit of his hobby often brought him into clashes with the police. One occasion saw him forcibly dissuaded from scaling Cleopatra's Needle, a "peak" which fell to later generations, under cover of darkness. On another occasion "O.G.J." put his art to practical purposes.

He wanted to see Queen Victoria enter the Albert Hall. A sea of heads blocked his view, and, spying an attractive if narrow ledge far up the Albert Hall's facade, directly above

the entrance, he decided to avail himself of the view it offered.

To the stark horror of the crowd, which considered him likely to throw himself at the Queen's feet, O. G. Jones climbed along the sheer face of the building toward his ledge. Taking no notice of pleas or threats from the infuriated constabulary, O.G.J. awaited Her Majesty's arrival.

The Queen passed unharmed. And, immediately, all but official sentiment supported the intrepid masonry mountaineer. Especially did the crowd enjoy the joke when Jones moved a few paces from the tops of police erected ladders and made a long and dangerous "traverse" across the face of the building toward the arms of the delighted spectators.

Jones climbed dozens, if not hundreds, of less notable buildings. Statues he numbered in equal quantity. Chair and table traverses of peculiar delicacy were known to delight him, and he once climbed round a railway engine, using only rivet heads as finger and toe holds.

One of his friends was the Reverend J. J. Jackson who was used to

putting his mountaineering prowess to a no less practical purpose. An amazing old gentleman who, at the age of sixty-five could walk sixty miles a day, he thought nothing of climbing his own church steeple at Rivington. Such was its deplorable condition that steeplejacks refused to repair its weather vane on the grounds that the job was too risky. So the Reverend Jackson undertook the hazardous task himself, and the parishioners had the strange experience of seeing their gaitered and gray-haired vicar climbing his own steeple and returning to terra firma in time to take the service.

Such men exist today, carrying on the traditions of the queerest, if most captivating, of all sports. They are not mere gymnasts, for they gain an intellectual as well as a physical joy from their efforts. Putting on their sneakers and blue jeans they go their stealthy and solitary ways, stealing a few hair-raising hours from the night and leaving a legend behind them.

Why do they do it? Non-climbers may theorize, but no dyed-in-the-wool stegopholist can ever tell you.

OO



THE
CURE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARVIN FRIEDMAN

"Same time next week," he said as I started through the doorway.

"Fine," I replied, "I'll tell your nurse."

I closed the door softly. In the outer office I told Miss Fortenay that my appointment was for the same time the following week. She made the entry in her appointment book on the desk.

"I'll see you next week," she said.

"Yeah." I watched her as she made some additional notations. She isn't glamorous, just a nice looking, plain doll, I thought.

There was something clinical about Miss Fortenay in her ballooning, white, knee-length hospital coat—a sort of noncommittal garb worn by so many doctors' receptionists and nurses. It fitted very loosely so that it was difficult to tell whether she had saucy, up-tilted young breasts, pointed and virginal breasts, or burgeoning breasts straining against the material of her white blouse showing above the lapels of the coat.

My concern with Miss Fortenay's appearance in general and her breasts in particular was symptomatic of the reason that I was in the office in the first place.

"Oh, well," I said opening the outer door. "Good-bye, Miss Fortenay."

"See you next week."

Out in the hallway I paused and stared at the door I'd just closed. The lettering read:

Dr. James Brown
Psychiatrist

"Even that's part of my trouble," I murmured.

Most people who visit psychiatrists get doctors named Werner Holzhopfel or Ernst Dunkeldorf and, occasionally, Wilfred Stuart Pennypacker, M.D. Me, I just get a guy named plain James Brown.

My own name is Smith, plain, old-fashioned Smith, of which there are millions. Plain Smith, that's me. Herb Smith, to be exact.

I'm an advertising man with one of the most glamorous titles in the business—account executive. That's the guy in the agency business who gets the client to spend money and then must keep him happy while he's spending.

Most account executives, under their charming guise, are supposed to be hardhearted characters. Cut-throats, egomaniacs, love 'em and

...for
once
didn't
kill
the
patient.

leave 'em guys. That's the common description in the popular fiction and drama of our day. Remember the movie newspaperman? If he didn't charge into the city room yelling, "Stop the presses!" he just wasn't believable. Any reporter worth his salt always yelled, "Stop the presses, chief, I've got a scoop!"

That's the way it is now with an account executive. He's got to be an habitue of the smart cocktail lounges, always caught between two voluptuous women.

Fiction and movies, that's where all my trouble started. Fiction, mostly.

I read a lot. Maybe it isn't the "Five Foot Shelf" or the "Treasury of Great Classics" or "Strindberg's Collected Works." That stuff was fine in college, but not now. Now I've got to read magazines and books that have the contemporary bon mots—"Let's hang the fish and see if the cats nibble" or "Let's grease the skillet and see if it'll fry." Without them I'm lost.

So I stay pretty close to the smart magazines and paperbacks. This was pretty much the heart of my problem that led me to Dr. Brown's ministrations. It all stems from reading and failure to separate fact from fancy.

Back in my college days when I considered myself a bright young man, the professors in my writing courses admonished us to write only of the things we knew, the things we were close to, "that of which we had intimate knowledge."

Well, maybe I was naive, but I was ready to go along with the theory. I had gone off on some pretty literary flights of fancy and never sold a thing. I soon decided that the writers who were selling were writing things they knew about.

I made a pretty strong point of it with Dr. Brown.

"You just can't make up things like that, Doc," I said.

"Yes, I know."

"Honest, Doc, you can't. A writer writes what he sees and hears."

"And feels."

"Yes, and feels."

"I'm right, Doc, ain't I?"

"Yes."

"You're not agreeing just to soothe me?"

"Not at all."

"What about you, Doc? Ever see those things they write about or hear those sounds?"

"Now you just close your eyes and

relax. Tell me all about that little blonde girl in kindergarten."

I'm as red-blooded as any guy, at least any account executive. Maybe I'm not as good-looking as some, but I think I'm up to most. I drink at the same bars and have the same troubles with my accounts. But something was wrong with me. Of that I became convinced.

Take the time when Jimmy Stone walked into the office that time. He didn't even get his hat and coat off. "Just came from Apex Ribbon. What a broad they have at the reception desk! Stacked? Va-va-voom! She got a pair that are real button-busters. How the hell that blouse of hers stays in one piece, I'll never know. And talking of pieces! Va-va-voom!"

Then there was the time Ted Turner had lunch at the Oasis. He came back to the office as excited as a kid with a new bicycle.

"What a load of broads at the Oasis. A dame with a thirty-eight chest would look anemic in that crowd. And talk about legs, you don't know where to look first. Gorgeous, just gorgeeeous!"

I phoned a call at Apex and didn't see the gal Jimmy Stone raved about. Luncheons at the Oasis proved just as futile. I didn't see any of the anemic or non-anemic creatures Ted mentioned. As a matter of fact, it seemed to me that most of the girls at the Oasis had not matured yet. And legs? There wasn't a pair worth looking at the first time.

Phil Stein yipped about some girls down at one of the TV stations. I was down there working with some talent for live spots and didn't see a single one that could have set Phil off. Dick Powers told me about the new tomato on the switchboard at KKKQ. Maybe she was in the powder room when I was there. She must have done a lot of powdering because she still hadn't shown up by the time I left. On pay day Pete Stevens came back from the bank and was all ga-ga about the new gal who was working at window fourteen. I checked all the windows. No soap.

Bill Barnes was rapturous about a new girl up at his agency, Hundicker & Associates. George McDonald, the space peddler, told me that they had a gal writing copy at Gray, Green & Huntington, Inc. and that her undulating hips and rhythmic derriere were surpassed only by the bounce of her bosom.

And that's the way it went. As for the gals in our own shop, they were hard to tell from the fellows.

I began to worry. I worried plenty. Then I made my first appointment. Maybe it was my eyes, I thought, that weren't focusing so that I was able to see what all the other guys were seeing. The verdict was that I still had that old Air Force 20-20. Then I figured that it might be faulty metabolism, high blood pressure, low blood pressure, faulty bile secretion, hyperthyroid, adrenal malfunction, anything—even dandruff.

Each doctor gave me a clean bill of health and no sympathy.

Then it hit me. My ailment must be psychosomatic. That led to Dr. Brown's couch.

I went through my whole medical history including tonsils and adenoids when I was six. He read all the reports from all the other doctors. Everything normal right down the line. And I told him, as I did the medic in the Air Force years before, I like girls.

We went through the rest of the bit: I didn't hate my grandmother, mother, sister, females in general or any male progenitors. I proved to be remarkably free of hatred. I did admit that I was peeved somewhat when the mother of that little blonde girl in my kindergarten class (we were neighbors) caught us innocently playing doctor. Being peeved is not tantamount to hate.

"Well, now, Mr. Smith, tell me what it is that, ah, bugs you in all this reading you do?" he asked while I was prone on his sterile couch.

"Doc, I don't get it. I think I get around as much as the next guy. In my time I've met plenty of broads, ah, women and girls, that is."

"Yes."

"And most of them have as much class, if not more so, than the women in books and magazines."

"Go on."

"Well, Doc, in books and magazine stories the dames are all called Delphine, Denise or Nikky or Sydney. They have names like Marina Luchasse or Julie Jarmain or Lorelei Mayberry. Hell, Doc, I never meet girls like that. I meet Betty Joneses and Sarah Schwartzes and Barbara Browns—no offense meant, Doc—or Sally Schultzes. See what I mean? Not once have I ever met a Daphne or a Claudine."

(turn to page 73)



when lovely woman stoops to falling . . . Seconds after the picture below was snapped, the helmeted lady fell 5,000 feet. In the realm of play there is a whole category of sports whose theme is descent. Unlike mountain-climbing and stegopholy (see page 23), wherein pleasure is derived from an arduous ascent to heights, the sports of descent offer the delicious thrill of rapid downward motion. Progressing from the primitive delights of the playground slide and the roller-coaster, to the ski-slope and the high-diving board, the aficionado of the fall perilous may now savor a new and more

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NAT FINKELSTEIN

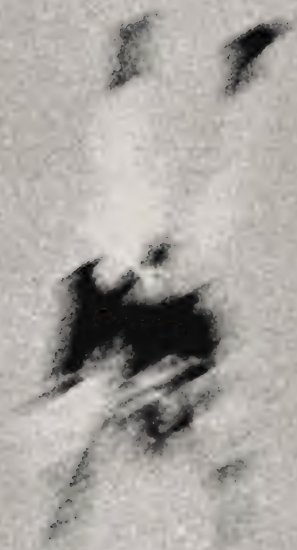


ultimate form—parachute skydiving.

Photographer Nat Finkelstein chose the Tri-State Sky Divers, who jump over the farmlands of southern New Jersey and are one of the oldest skydiving clubs on the east coast, as the locale for his pictorial record of this newest kick. Chuting, he discovered, is an all-season sport, clear weather being the only requisite. There are two varieties of descent, free fall and static line. Falling free for 2,000 feet, a chutist can swan-dive, somersault, turn, twist, pass batons back and forth with a comrade, and experience a delightful floating sensation. The static line chutist has an automatic rip-cord that opens his parachute as soon as he jumps. His main aim is to manipulate his control lines so as to hit a ground target ten feet in diameter.

Like skiing, sport-chuting attracts week-enders and vacationers of both sexes, and extensive social arrangements fill the intervals in the evenings and between drops. Tri-State's drop-zone at Solberg Airport is basically a resort, with a restaurant and dance band facilitating congenial forgatherings. Sleep-







ing accommodations are available on the premises or at a cluster of nearby motels.

Sport-chuting, as you can see in the accompanying photos, is very much a coed affair. Tri-State's New York Chapter president, George Gividen, an ex-paratrooper who lost a leg in Korea but still jumps regularly, says that over thirty percent of his club members are women. And the ladies make up for their numerical minority by their devotion to the sport. Many men will try chuting once or twice as a novelty; but let a woman experience the special thrill of free fall from 5,000 to 3,000 feet, and she will go up and come down again . . . and again . . . and again.



satire . . . STAN CORNYN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN MORRIN



THE VAMP

. . . OR WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BAD OLD DAYS IN BABYLON-ON-THE-PACIFIC?

Used to be starlets would smolder. Really smolder. And pin-ups used to be of Betty Grable and not the Everly Brothers. Friend, gone are the days. Gone are the Saturday night movies when, in response to my piping-hot question, "Dad, what's she doing?" my father could reply, "Shut up, son. This is hot stuff." ¶ Alas, hot stuff is gone from our silver screens. In its place, starlets now come on as deep stuff, family stuff, sick stuff, exotic stuff, and tough stuff. The day of the limpid eye and the stuffed sweater is gone. In their place: the earnest eye and the casual

cardigan. Not to mention the firm handshake. ¶ In the words of one of Hollywood's long-time talent scouts, a man who has remained sound of body through the onslaughts of starlets in the eras of the silents, the talkies, wide screens, and television: "Fifteen or twenty years ago, every girl I tested had to look like Rita Hayworth. You know, with things out to here. Today, any kind is o.k. I never seen anything like it. Even flat-chested girls are making it." ¶ Liberals still engaged in fighting discrimination among women may now cheer. Others may pause to weep softly. They're just not making starlets like they used to. ¶ Recently I devoted some time to finding out why my father used to breathe so heavily at the spectacle of a swarthy Mae Marsh as a Samoan sex thing, thrashing her way through the potted underbrush to her island temple, there to lie fetchingly on silk and turtledove down. A look at those lost flicks told me. Tempted

into shelling out a valuable quarter, my father could see girls sporting about in films featuring (so the ads read) "beautiful jazz babies, champagne baths, midnight revels, petting parties in the purple dawn, all ending in one terrific smashing climax that makes you gasp." ¶ And what they advertised, they delivered. Occasionally, morality squelched the film makers, but Hollywood maintained a healthy record of side-stepping the blue nose brigades. Frank Whitbeck, one of the flamboyant early publicists, was faced with just such a proposition in ads touting a film called Trader Horn, which (turn to page 68)





HEY,
RUNNER
MAN!

... where
you
gonna
run to?



fiction . . . Robert McKay

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE MOCNIAK

You couldn't help notice Benny Foster. He was as skinny and awkward looking as a heron on concrete, and he had silvery-blue eyes that caught the light and reflected it more brightly and steadily. I had seen eyes like that before—eyes that were very light, very bright and very steady. It was my opinion that too often for coincidence the men behind those eyes were dangerous men — "bad" men in the old-fashioned sense of the word. ● He was waiting in the building one night when we came in from working on the road — he and three others who had been brought down together from Raiford. ● Raiford is the state prison in Florida. But if you've got the strength to pick up a shovel you stay at Raiford only long enough to be classified, and then you hit one of the chain gang camps. At Camp 41 we did highway maintenance, mostly, working in squads of six to fifteen men, unchained, but guarded constantly and closely by shotguns. ● The new men were hungry and feeling pretty good because the camp looked all clean-white and green in the evening sun and they had already decided that chain-ganging couldn't be as bad as they had heard up at Raiford, after all. ● Benny Foster stood a little apart from the others and, in his long,

skinny, tattooed hands, he held a worn, black guitar case. He didn't just hold it, he held on to it as though it was something alive and a part of him.

His tattoos were the crude, writing-ink-and-sewing-needle kind that rebellious kids in reform schools and detention homes decorate themselves with. They ran up to his shoulders. Coiled snakes and dice and stilettos and mottoes like "Born To Lose" and "Hard Luck." There were no tattoos on his body. I always meant to ask him why he stopped at his shoulders, but I never got around to it.

We ate supper first and then we showered in the stinking sulphur water and lay around on our beds for a while, talking and resting. Pretty soon the poker game got started at the big table in one end of the long, low building. A little later the string-music boys picked their guitars off the walls and drifted up toward the wicker for their nightly hillbilly jam session.

I like folk music, the kind Josh White and Burl Ives sing, and the first time I saw these cracker boys pull out their guitars and fiddles I thought I was going to hear the real stuff. Old-timey songs like "Barbara Allen" maybe, or "Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair." But they played "If You Got The Money, Honey, I Got The Time" and "Walkin' The Floor Over You." And that kind of "modern" hillbilly crap was all I ever had heard played in the chain gang. I don't know for sure, but I think songs like these would gripe the guts of a real mountain man.

The wicker-man liked it, though. He'd sit for hours clomping his foot while the guitars plunked out the tired chords and the fiddle screeched in the hellish way of hillbilly fiddles, and the boys took turns singing, all in the same whining nasal falsetto, the laments of unrequited hillbilly love.

The wicker-man was a guard who sat in a barred cubicle in the center of the building. It was a little cage inside the big cage, and its only entrance was from outside the building. He sat there all night and kept watch that none of us cut a hole in the big cage—the barracks—which we called "the building." He had a sawed-off shotgun in the wicker with him and a .38 in his belt and a blackjack in his pocket.

I don't know why they called that

cage "the wicker," but that's what it was—the wicker; and he was the "wicker-man" and he was a mean sonofabitch.

After we showered that night, Milt Silverman and I sat on our beds and talked. Milt was a New Yorker like me. Between this, and his name, you can believe that *he* had it rough in the chain gang. Milt broke off a sentence and put up his hand for me to listen.

I heard it then—a sharp, new voice speaking in Camp 41. I flipped around on my bed to see. It was the skinny guy, Benny Foster. He had that guitar out of its case and he was cradling it with a fierce intensity, working hard as he took the lead on a hillbilly number I had learned to hate. But he was getting more out of that song than had ever been built into it. He was subtly twisting it, changing the rhythm and the chord structure until the other guitars dropped away from him in confusion and the fiddle got lost in a chorus and gave up, too.

He played alone for a minute or two, weaving a net of new sound into and around the trite melody, lacing it over with an intricate layer of chord progressions which tantalized and promised and then shockingly changed form and became a jangling, shivering shaft of sound that speared the whole number and held it out for you to look at and laugh at.

"What the hell is that?" I asked Milt.

But he was sitting frozen, transfixed by the same jangling spear that had impaled the hillbilly melody.

I leaned over and touched him on the knee. "Hey, what is that stuff?"

He looked at me blank-eyed. "I don't know, Mac. It's like you took two steps past bop. It's so far out it almost isn't music any more." He grinned. "Pick up on those other cats . . ."

The string-music boys were gaping at the driving guitar like a flock of hens that had just hatched out a full grown hawk. And it was something to see, too, that guitar, even aside from the sound that came out of it. It was a round-hole Martin—not new, but so beautifully polished, so deeply glowing, so lovingly used, that it was better than new.

Then, from one bar to the next, Benny Foster withdrew the spear as cleanly as he had thrust it home. He played the "Riddle Song"—simply and truly, and on the second chorus he sang the words.

His voice wasn't great, but he had fine pitch and he sang with absolute honesty. The poker players turned around to listen. When he finished, there was a spatter of applause. The string-music boys shuffled their feet and snickered at one another, and the wicker-man said, "Hey, boy—kin you play 'You Are My Sunshine'?"

Benny Foster shook his head and put the Martin back in its case.

"What's the matter, boy—don't you like country music?" the wicker-man said.

Benny picked up the guitar case and started up the aisle toward his bed.

"Come back here!" the wicker-man roared, his tallowy face gone red in an instant. "When I talk to you, boy, you answer! And you answer civil."

"O.K.," Benny said. "No, there's some kinds of country music I don't much like. Is that what you wanted to know?"

"You're just a mite biggety, ain't you, boy? Well, we'll knock that out of you in a goddamn hurry!"

Benny Foster gazed at him with those pale, silvery eyes, and the wicker-man's face got redder and a vein stood out in his forehead like a worm.

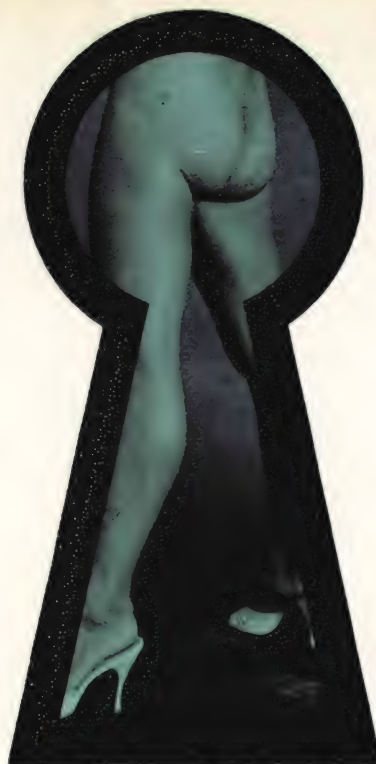
"Get back to your bed, boy," the wicker-man said in a strangled voice. "And don't let me hear you playing no more of that crazy music. Next time I do I'll take that git-tar away from you and give it to the Captain to hold."

Benny shrugged and turned away. His face was closed like a stone and the knuckles of both tattooed hands were white on the guitar case.

When we lined up for work the next morning in the chilly pre-dawn darkness, the Captain put Benny and the other new men on the bull-squad. The bull-squad was loading trucks out of a clay bank. There might be harder work you could do with a shovel, but I've never seen it.

They told us that night that Benny lasted until noon. His back was probably hurting so much all morning that he didn't notice the shape his hands were in. But when he picked up his shovel after eating his beans and cornbread, the blisters broke open and his hands stuck to the shovel handle. Benny looked at his hands then. He stuck the shovel in the clay bank and wouldn't hit another lick.

(turn to page 54)



CHASTE, CHASING, CHASTENED

A modern discussion, destruction and disposition of a medieval custom with curious contemporary roots . . .

satire . . . ROBERT G. ELLIOTT

. . . Begin thou softly to unzone
Thy girlish bosom unto him
And softly to undo the snood
That is the sign of maidenhood

These wheedling words in James Joyce's "Bid Adieu To Maidenhood" might well be the rallying cry of today's "modern" female, because, according to sociologists, psychologists and others in the know, women's chastity is at its lowest ebb since the dear, dead days when Messalina was giving it away around the clock.

Being neither a sociologist nor a psychologist, I am at a loss to explain this mass lowering of my fair lady's sexual defenses, this eager acceptance of amour, rather than its righteous rejection, like saying "no" once in a while. I can only lay it at the door of a bromide as old as sin: some do it, and some don't do it, and it simply

seems that there's a hell of an increase in the number who are eager to do it, as opposed to the number who prefer to keep their skirts on.

The almost unbelievable desire of females to get bedded down hurdles all age, race and creed barriers, and the sport of doing it is the new social leveler, embracing 18 year olds in New Haven and beautiful wives (with children) in Iowa. The amazing thing about it is that the daring, secretive indulgence in a furtive, clandestine one-night stand has gone by the boards, and the vogue today is to do it by carload lots, any time during the day or night, including quickies during coffee breaks.

Veering for a moment from my thoughts to a studied view of the situation, we read in *The Encyclopedia of Social Sciences* a summation of the current status of chastity by Robert Briffault, who intones:

"The present period shows signs of a revolt against the moral tradition and a disposition to reconsider the

foundations of the ideal of chastity. Physiological science seems to indicate that complete sexual abstinence and even excessive repression are fraught with dangers scarcely less grave than sexual excess. As with other physiological functions, the optimum consists in moderate activity. But sexual activity is always psychophysiological. It not only bears on the sexual instinct in the narrow sense, but also on the instincts which are at the root of social affection. These and the biological sexual instinct are in many respects antagonistic. Unrestricted license is psychologically, no less than socially, incompatible with those instincts which constitute the psychical bond of the relationship between men and women."

This should make it apparent, to even the most unjaundiced eye, that "the disposition to reconsider the foundations of the ideal of chastity" is the chief objective of today's *femme fatale* or otherwise, since she considers the optimum to be all she

can absorb; or, paraphrasing Johnny Mercer, "they gotta bring joy up to the maximum."

Up till now, nobody has bothered to ask *me* what to do about it, but as usual, I have a solution. Even assuming that the moral fiber of our sainted womanhood, upon which we waste so much worship, may improve to the point where the promiscuous ones can chin themselves on their consciences, the only answer to this tidal wave of dishing it out to whoever is handy, including the handy man, is a return to that staple bit of Middle Age hardware—the chastity belt.

For those to whom this little wisp of metallic lingerie comes as a surprise (and WOW!—*quel* surprise to some of the chicks *I* know!), let me explain that the chastity belt, far from being a joke, was a contrivance, in the restrainer class, made of metal and leather, which, when attached to milady's V zone, rendered her incapable of distributing her favors—unless she happened to have a duplicate key.

The lady in question, which was often the question, was invited, by her husband, to stand at attention (some purists insist that "parade rest" was the only feasible position) while he slipped this mid-section collar on her and delivered the coup-de-grace to her perfidy by locking it on with what he fondly hoped was the only key. Then, certain that she could not be led into temptation, the trusting husband swallowed the key, and was off on a Crusade, or wherever else he had business, leaving laughing girl to stew in her own frustration.

In the main, or by and large, depending on your taste in clichés, these iron girdles were designed to keep intact that which was normally reserved for the husband, and they were stoutly built affairs, somewhat between a drop forged garter belt and a cold rolled bikini. Access to the area of *venereus* verdure by means of brute force was impossible, and it resulted only in contusions and abrasions, but, of course, just like today, there were locksmiths who could be bought, and if your tastes didn't run to locksmiths, you could always buy a key. All a lover had to do was wait until friend husband's guidon had vanished over the crest of a hill, then, duplicate key in hand, he would pop into milady's chamber, and a swinging time was had until the crusade was over. This could be a long, long time, sometimes,

and when you consider that there were eight Crusades, it's a cinch that the pin and tumbler boys raked it in.

The fascinating aspects of the chastity belt for today's impatient ladies are evident when we realize the tremendous strides we have made from the simplicity of the Middle Ages to the attainment of such critically fine estates as neurosis, tension, mental bankruptcy, slovenly morals, mass stupidity, and above all, the cancerous, festering, gangrenous sore of advertising, topping our culture like a twist of rancid whipped cream atop a moldering, wormy cake.

The invertebrates of Medicine Avenue will be faced with the job of merchandising the chastity belt when it returns (and it's on its way), and the bitter, gagging examples of how *The Man In The Street* has been brutally sandbagged into buying what he doesn't want, is an indication of the hilarious show we can expect as the various agencies attempt the velvet glove treatment for such a flammable bijou. They will doubtless botch the job, making it more tasteless than their efforts to apply honed words to toilet paper and constipation, but, believe me, the laughs will be worth it.

Can't you almost hear the frantic whirring as the minds of the word beaglers and cliché coiners try to grind out some alluring, catch-penny trivia that will do the job of merchandising, and still make the product palatable? Originality will give way to a sort of semantic Gresham's Law, and we will be hearing little bits of rhetorical gingerbread, like, "What A Thrill When I Did The Cha-Cha Atop The Citadel To Voodoo Drums In My Iron Chastity Belt," and "It's More Fun Trying To Get There When I'm Wearing My Chastity Belt," or even, "The Vestal Girdle—Hasn't Scratched Yet."

In the testimonial department, can't you see, darkly, a famous cinema starlet, and full time pushover, smirking and leering into the camera as she coyly gurgles, deadpan, "I wouldn't stir a step without my Chastity Belt—now available in the pastel shades at your friendly druggist. Try one for thirty days—you'll be simply amazed at the lack of results."

The slogan mills would also be exhausting every source, including the dictionary, for some provocative phrase guaranteed to give the product sales value and to establish what ad-

vertisers hollowly call "customer identity." A few samplings might be, "Girls! Get Your Chastity Belt—Guarding A Million Pathways To Paradise!" or, for the jingle addict, "Be smart and wear the Gizmo belt—So stylish, comfy, can't be felt."

The real payoff will come when some greedy clown will push a good thing too far and, throwing good taste (?) to the winds, show us one of those phoney doctors in a soda jerk's side-button coat, clutching an ophthalmoscope in one hand (it's all right; he wouldn't know if he was holding a proctoscope) and peering into the camera as he lisps, accusingly, "Is your chastity belt performing the function it was intended for? If not, it's time to change to the belt the *stars* wear," fading to a close navel shot of Chloris Ghastlee, Fast Rising Starlet, with a phantom halo of the sponsor's products revolving about her silly little head, while a socko reverse panel announces the special sale (Be Twice As Safe!), and Chloris announces, "They're satin lined, satin lined, satin lined," softly in an echo chamber.

And how will *couture* accept this challenge? Or will it? You bet it will, as long as there's a buck to be made. For example (we get high class now), let's consider today's dresses, how the chastity belt will affect them, and how *haute* the *couture* has to be to deal with the problem with *elan* and *chic*. The horrible dirndl-type thing, and some varieties of bouffant frocks will be capable of good concealment, but what of the sleek things that hug madame like a tight, second skin? Can you imagine the silhouette revealed by steel tubing, encircling milady's waist and thighs, to be secured by a stout lock? I can, but I don't think the ladies will care for the picture at all, and I can envision nights on end when not a single *fille* will be abroad—out, I mean—unless she is muffled in a tarpaulin or something similar. As a small hint to Fashionland, this might be the clue for a new rage—say, bejeweled serapes, or sequined ponchos, or even a ladies' Inverness. But in the long run, *mes amis*, it will be fashion's dish of tea, and I'm curious to see how they squirm out of *this* one.

Naturally, a new species of status seeker will be spawned, and this one will make the money and prestige morons look sicker than they are, because they'll be fighting to make the
(turn to page 61)



"Just what was the name of your fraternity again?"

Ulysses in Beat Town

In the old Greek cat's

Weird. In three years of wandering since coming off the line of an eastern brain factory—Boston University, if such facts are important to you—I'd run out of continent before. But I'd invariably reacted to that situation by prowling restlessly up and down the coast, Canada to Mexico, an animal pacing back and forth in its cage, muzzle unfailingly swinging toward its hunger beyond the bars. This time it was different. I stood on the beach, facing the Pacific, the sand cold and damp through my tennis shoes, and I didn't have so much as a snarl for that terrific blue barrier against further westing. I was home, man!

A man stays young in proportion to



his wantings; I mean, only the truly old remain unprodged by a flock of impossible itches. So it bugged me that home looked good to me. But what made me especially fearful for my discontents was the fact that even the Cretin looked good to me.

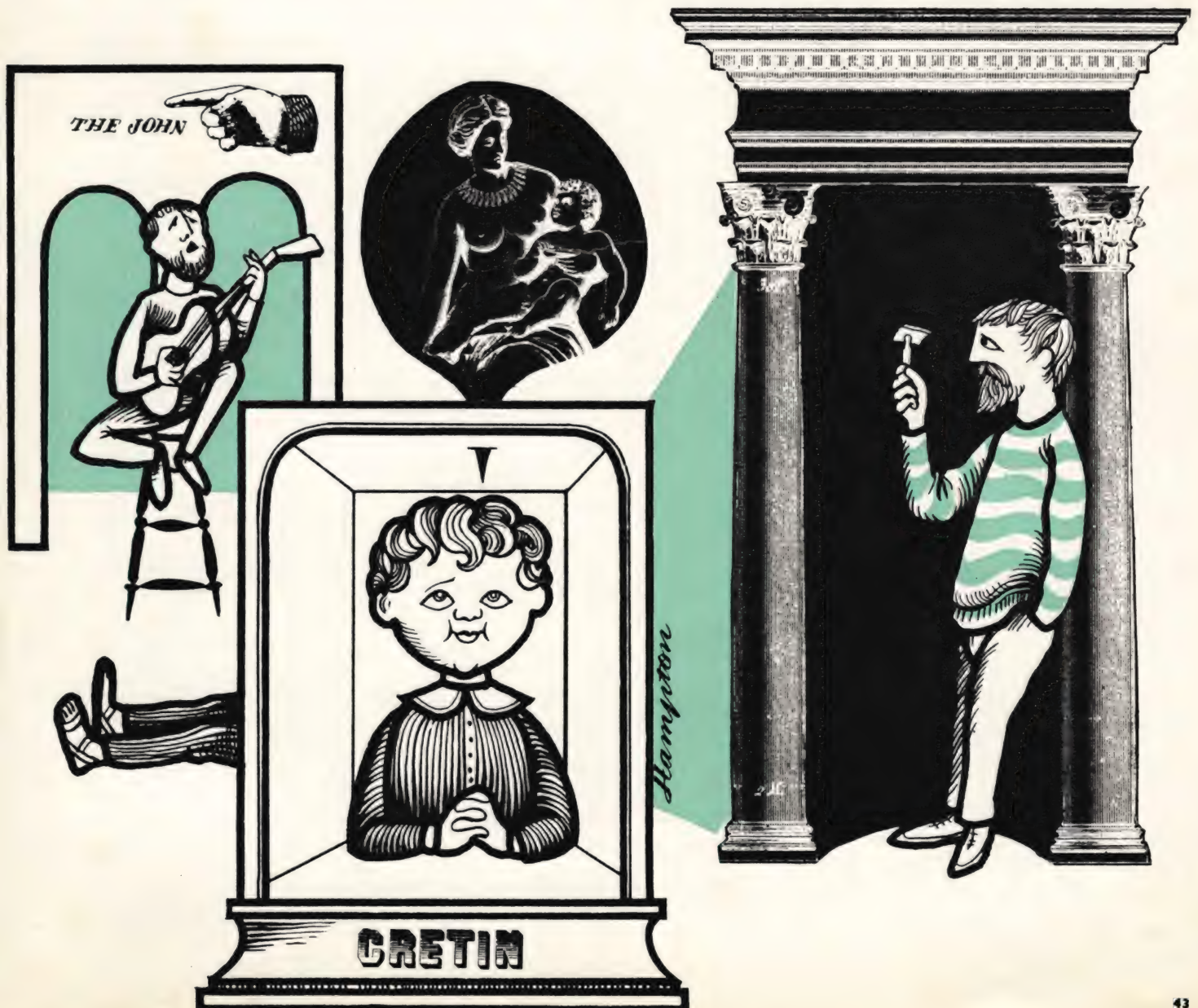
The Cretin is my brother, Larry. Inasmuch as my folks were in their forties when this character tumbled out of the hopper, this kid had to be an executive goof. He's nine, now, small for his age, a golden-curved, apple-cheeked, plump little cherub with blue innocent eyes, a radiant smile, and a mind that works with the speed and the cold calculated precision of a steel trap. Where the run-of-the-

mill Dennis the Menace's idea of a boff gag is to balance a pail of water on a partly opened door, the Cretin is eggheading ways and means of hoisting a steam radiator into the same precarious relationship with passing squares below. Now, while his precocity branches out on more unpredictable tangents than a centipede with a confused sense of direction, to me the most intriguing manifestation of the Cretin's advanced development is his preoccupation with select areas of the female anatomy.

This, too, requires some elaboration.

My sister, Monica, is a cool kitten, a real radioactive chick over at Berke-

ley, where she's majoring in English. Consequently, the ancestral pad is constantly Antsville with girl friends of every shade, squeal, dimension and denomination. The Cretin's modus operandi brings him on with the shy little boy bit, you know, finger in mouth, one foot bashfully mashing the other, while he stands in the doorway of the living room and watches the action. Sooner or later, one of the chicks notices him. One gander at those wide, guileless blue eyes and the tangled mass of golden ringlets (he has carefully tousled his wig before making the scene), and the chick squeals, "Isn't he cute!" rushes over and clasps him to her everloving



bosom. This is what the Cretin is angling for, and he wastes no time snaking a mitten up to said everloving bosom.

Now, friends, don't think this routine doesn't bug me. I mean, if it was *me* investigating this doll, she'd present me with a fast fresh knuckle sandwich; but with the Cretin she giggles, "Isn't that just too precious!" while he absorbedly prods, pats and squeezes, with complete impunity. The gimmick, of course, is that these babes just can't believe this angel knows what he's doing when he makes like Columbus with their magic islands. They simply aren't hip to the little character's Freudian chicanery. Or to their own, for that matter.

Anyway, with this sketchy outline of the Cretin's more salient idiosyncracies before you, you can readily read my concern over the fact that I'd been genuinely glad to see the little creep when I returned to San Francisco after six months of the road.

"It's a symptom," I assured myself as I turned my back on the ocean's frantic beat, returned to the family bazooka and blasted off padward.

But a symptom of what, I hadn't yet figured out.

The dictator blew his jets when I got home. Seems he'd wanted to use the heap himself to cut on down to the Elks or something, and I had a hell of a nerve borrowing it without permission. After that, being all wound up anyway, he proceeded to sound on my beard and my wig, my threads, my chronic unemployment, my friends, dirty poetry, diction and choice of language. I mean, to hear him tell it, I was the least, a nowhere freap, who'd do the world a favor by practicing deep breathing in front of an open gas pipe. Ordinarily, I'd have flapped right back, then split the scene. But I didn't want a rumble, it actually hung me up to have the governor put me down like that, so I escaped to the john.

I pushed the hair up from over my eyes to look at myself in the mirror. What was it about me kept me and the head keeper from rolling along in sync? I mean, I had these nice brown eyes, humorous, wise and friendly; and the beaver, a nice rich reddish-brown like my wig, added character to my face—what there was of it you could see. And I really couldn't put down my clothes. There was maybe a little paint on my chinos from that

fruity widow artist in Taos who'd hired me for a model, if you get my meaning; but my sweatshirt was new, and my sneakers weren't even worn through at the little toes yet. So help me, there wasn't a thing about my appearance to shake the littlest leaguer of them all.

I exited the john just as Monica was about to knuckle the slammer.

"Pop gone?"

She nodded. "Do me a favor, Willie. My girl friend, Lisa Garner, is in the living room. Keep Larry away from her until I get back. She's never been here before and she might not understand it if—you know . . ."

"Sure, Mon," I said. "I got nothing on till Yogi shows." So I bird-dogged it on into the living room.

Man! I flipped.

There was this blonde on the couch, reading a magazine—a real blonde, I mean, with not a trace of base metal amid all that golden *richesse*. She had deep, smoky blue eyes and her skin had the whiteness and firm smooth texture of some beaches where the sand has been ground fine and pounded into a hard even surface that feels like nothing else on earth. Those were long and lovely legs she was sitting on, and her breasts stood out so straight and so far you just knew her mother must have been frightened by a cantilever bridge while she was carrying this doll some twenty years ago. And, oh! she looked like a girl named Lisa, and she was one of those rare creatures so miraculously curved to the exact shape of a man's desires.

"Hello." She laid down the magazine. "You must be Monica's brother."

"William Blake. The cats call me the Poet."

She smiled at this. "I know. I've read your poetry."

Didn't I clue you, dad? A doll! But I played it cool. Like, I couldn't show I cared what she thought of the stuff. I raised an eyebrow.

"I like it. Most of it anyway. But why do you use so many four-letter words?"

"You blow it the way you feel it," I said, brought down some, seeing she maybe suffered from a few corners after all. "Those lyrics were good enough for those old Anglo-Saxon cats, they're good enough for William Blake."

About this time the Cretin appeared in the doorway, making with the eyes and the tossed curls and the bashful feet, his head lamps zeroed

in on Lisa's sweater. I was about to sound him to cut on out when she said, "I suppose this is Larry."

The Cretin was sent. So much so that, dispensing with his customary finesse, he moved right in on Lisa. Man, I mean he caught me leaning the wrong way. I didn't expect him to make his play so soon. Before I recovered, he was sort of pushing an experimental fist, gently, into the resilient mass of one of those cantilevered beauties.

Lisa choked and her face turned as red as a spanked baby's butt.

For a little guy, the Cretin was fast. He rocketed for space like he'd come off a launching pad, but I managed to boost him on his way with a solid kick to the seam of his jeans that lifted him a good foot off the floor.

Lisa was shocked. "Why, I've never seen such brutality!" she gasped, overlooking in her indignation the fact that, only seconds before, the object of her sympathy had been brazenly testing the physical properties of her most outstanding features.

"Aw, hell," I said. "I'm wearing sneakers—they didn't dent him much. Besides, the Cretin's a lot tougher than he looks."

"Cretin! What a horrible thing to call your little brother."

"Well, the Cretin is pretty horrible," I clued her. "No, but see, he's got like this fetish—"

"Really, Mr. Blake, I'm not interested in your brother's sex life."

So there I was, navigating amid more ice than the *Nautilus* when it surfaced at the North Pole. But I thought I'd give it another try. "Look, my buddy Yogi's picking me up. There's this bash on at Thad McGrath's. You know, the writer? Well, Ferlinghetti'll maybe be there, Ginsberg, Kerouac, you never know who might dribble in to sit in for a chorus or two. Why don't you make the scene with us?"

She seemed more shocked at the idea of going somewhere with me than she had at the pectoral mangling she'd suffered at the hands of the Cretin. She gave me a look that took in my hair and my beard, and traveled all the way down to my ends, and then her lovely mouth broke into a sad-sweet smile that translated as a plea for forgiveness for sticking a shiv into me.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Blake."

(turn to page 60)



**THE
DUDE
PROFILE:
JACKIE
KANNON**

"It's easy to be humble when you're successful," says comic Jackie Kannon, the humility tumbling out in cascades from his downturned eye-lids, his lips pursed in a cupid-like renunciation of ego. "But the trick," he continues, all traces of abasement vanishing in cigar smoke, "is to be arrogant when you're a flop!"

Jackie Kannon, shoe salesman turned standup comic, news dealer turned publisher, might almost be considered the Horatio Alger prototype of the American success story—except that the comedian was born in Canada. But he's one more proof, in that case, that our neighbor to the north exports the same type of one-line, knock-'em-dead comedy that has made New York's Catskill mountains on Saturday night a volcano of yoks. Kannon, born in Windsor, Ontario, made his professional debut on a local radio station, and he states now—humbly or arrogantly, depending upon his bank receipts for the week—that his style has changed little, through the living room and club dates (at four dollars a throw), the Gay Haven in Detroit (his first financial success), and the 5 O'Clock Club in Miami (from which he was rocketed into national prominence).

And, like many comics of his kind, in spite of the lucrative engagements at such swank spots as The

Chez Paree, the Coconut Grove, and frequent appearances on TV spots like the Ed Sullivan show, Kannon still has a soft spot in his heart—and a tough line or two in his routine—for the fabled "Borscht Circuit." "Where else in the world," he asks, "can you find a woman with a mink coat and torn underwear?"

Although Kannon considers his style of humor traditional—in other words, he's not a "sick" or "new" comic—he has kept abreast of the latest trends in laugh-making: to wit, an acidulous tongue for the foibles of the politicians.

During a trip to London last year, while the American presidential election was still being debated, Kannon reported that his British audiences, and the press in particular, were delighted with such jibes at the American candidates as: "Kennedy? Nice fellow. Too bad he isn't Jewish. But he'd better win. If he doesn't, his father will foreclose on the world."

"As for Nixon," his routine continued, "now that he's changed from a dirty, sneaky rat, I *really* don't trust him."

But when Kannon commented about Anthony Armstrong-Jones: "Thank goodness Elizabeth found a photographer with a purpose," his audiences began to bristle. With good reason, too, for



PHOTOGRAPHY BY NAT FINKELSTEIN

In the sweet flush of success, this comic's comic remains humble ...

he continued, "Armstrong-Jones gets more out of a Brownie than any girl scout ever did." The frosting on the cake—and indeed it was a frosting—came when Kannon concluded his routine: "You know what Armstrong-Jones says before he goes to bed? 'Watch the birdie.'"

So much for one Jackie Kannon. The other, which was born two years ago, is hidden in the gray flannel shadows of New York's business community. He literally laughs his way to the bank, because he's found a way to merchandise, quite profitably, his basic commodity—humor.

Kannon and Alec Roman, a lithographer, own a firm known as Kanrom, Inc. The physical premises is a large printing plant in midtown New York, and the oil that keeps the machines running flows from a series of gimmicks that the comedian has been astute enough to make commercial.

The company has printed a large and successful series of books, booklets, diaries and greeting cards, all quite different in format, but all containing the basic ingredients of sex and laughter.

For example, Kannon felt sorry for the average shnook at a party, and so he marketed a couple of pocket size manuals (3" by 2") that can be concealed and peered at furtively when the owner needs a gag for a particular situation. Typical of the jokes found within are these two:

"An elderly couple, interviewed by their Doctor, complained that they believed they were becoming impotent. 'When did you first notice this?' asked the doctor. Replied the man, 'Twice last night, and again this morning.'"

Or, on the shorter side:

"The Sultan had ten wives . . . Nine of them had it pretty soft."

Kanrom has also printed a series of diaries, designed mainly for businessmen and salesmen. A typical gag from one of these:

"Expectant father: 'This is my first baby.'

"Old Hand: 'This is our seventh.'

"Expectant Father: 'Well, gee, maybe you can answer a question for me. How soon after my wife has the baby can she and I, uh—, you know what I mean.'

"Old Hand: 'That depends on whether she's in a ward or a private room.'"

Apart from these salesman's aids, Kanrom merchandises a series of apothecary jars with assorted "sick" labels, such as "Belly-Button Lint" or "Spanish Fly." They claim these jars intimidate bathroom snoopers.

And, in the domain of bathrooms, two of their books deal exclusively with this subject. One is a hard cover item called *Continental Cans Etc.*—"a Tourist's Guide to European Plumbing" (by Miller, Willock and Visbar).

Evidently emboldened by the success of this book, Kanrom turned itself into a real outhouse supply center with *Poems for the John*. The book comes with a chain by which it can be hung in that sacred room, and future plans call for marketing this volume with a sequined plunger.

While the book's frontispiece reads, "I would like to dedicate this book to Robin Hood, the most miserable man in all history. You'd be miserable, too, if you had a 'Little John,'" the subject matter is not entirely "heady." A typical "poem" reads:

"There was a young lady of Kent

Who said that she knew what it meant

When men asked her to dine,

Gave her cocktails and wine.

She knew what it meant—but she went!"

Evidently, Jackie Kannon knows where he's going, too. And if he's temporarily stationed in the "john," you can be sure it'll soon have platinum fixtures!

the dude profile



Coat by Foxhunt. Available at British American House, New York; Neusteter's, Denver, Col.; Jay Briggs, San Fran.

A collage of the word "RAIN" repeated multiple times in various shades of green and blue, tilted at different angles, creating a dynamic, abstract composition. The text is layered and overlapping, with some instances appearing more prominent than others. The background is a light, textured cream color.



You can't always have sunshine

but you can have foresight . . .



The Setting: a South Pacific Isle several thousand miles from nowhere. The Characters: Sadie Thompson and the man of the moment lucky enough to be her paramour. The Mood: Rain.

You'll remember, if you've read the book, or seen the movie (of which there were several versions) or heard the musical play, that Sadie was a lady of the evening, whose most distinguishing characteristic was that she always placed pleasure above business.

The story usually ends tragically (exceptions must, of course, be made for musicals), because there is never a man with enough mettle for the strong-willed, free-living Sadie. It always seems as if the incessant downpour of rain, which sets the pace and mood of the narrative, literally melts away the young lady's masculine counterparts.

New Scene: Somewhere in the U.S. Preferably a romantic park in a large city. Characters: The same. New Mood: Rain as before, but, as in the TV commercials and magazine ads indigenous to this new setting, the man has achieved a kind of redemption by virtue of material self-improvement. In short, he's made himself impervious to the tragic ingredient of the drama, the rain, by protecting himself in a kind of shining armour: hip, swinging, up-to-date rainwear.

Our man, page 49, opens up the new set in an adventuresome mood. Wondering what the day will bring, he garbs himself in The Foxhunter (about \$40.00) a cotton gabardine lined with poplin. The genuine suede collar and pocket trim, tailored in Spain, make him a fit sight for wherever fancy takes him. (Same coat, light color, bottom photo this page.)



Color Photo: Coat by Elesco. Available at Breidbart's, New York; Casulaire, Las Vegas; Mr. Guy, Los Angeles.

Top Photo: Coat by Caesar of Turin for Foxhunt. Available at British American House, New York; Neusteter's, Denver; Jay Briggs, San Fran. Bottom photo; same as page 49.



Top photo: Coat by Authentic Imports. Available at Jo Viederman, Freeport, N.Y.; Cable Car Clothiers, San Fran.; The Regiment, Boulder, Col. Second photo: Coat by Cortefiel de Espana. Available at Pincus Co., San Antonio, Tex.; Lytton's, Chicago, Ill.; Monte Factor, Beverly Hills, Calif. Third photo: Coat by Caesar of Turin for Foxhunt. Available at British American House, New York; Neusteter's, Denver; Jay Briggs, San Fran.



He finds himself in Sadie's company, in an exotic sidewalk cafe, and while she puckers prettily, he decides she's not dressed for the activity he has in mind—a walk in the rain. He's wearing his newly adapted single-breasted trenchcoat (about \$50.00), in a startling shade of midnight blue (made in Western Germany).

Out he goes (top photo, page 51) by himself, as a strong man should, entering the park in his knee length auto coat (about \$100). The three big patch pockets, with zippers, are for turnpike tickets.

Thoughts of the turnpike lead him to don his wool plaid raincoat (opposite page), short length suitable for spins in his Alfa Romeo (about \$100.00). But before he can zip off Sadie catches up to him at the entrance to the building where the big cats are kept (top photo, this page). All feline grace herself, she admires his heeksuede reversible coat. The dark side is classic country Balmaccan, in cotton suede, reversing to a fine twill rain coat (about \$50.00).

For a little icing on the cake, Sadie's lover displays two more items in his all weather wardrobe. Second photo, this page, he wears a Spanish trench coat, with heavy metal antique coin buttons and elaborate leather lining, *a la style espanol* (about \$65.00). And finally he is seen in his cotton gabardine raincoat with detachable tweed fleece (about \$89.00 for coat; \$39.00 for fleece). With the collar up, it's Foreign Intrigue—down, it's a handsome, conservative bit of rain wear.

Sadie, as you can see, has her companion for the next shooting of *Rain* all wrapped up...



Opposite: Coat by Caesar of Turin for Foxhunt. Available at British American House, New York; Neusteter's, Denver; Jay Briggs, San Fran.

HEY RUNNER MAN

(continued from page 38)

Maybe he thought they'd send him back to Raiford for refusing to work. The Captain just put him in the box for five days on cat heads and water.

Box is short for sweatbox. It's a wooden cell three feet wide and six feet long with no ventilation except at the top. Cat heads are baking-powder biscuits. Two of them a day don't keep your belly full.

Benny came out of the box white-faced and staggering. His head was up, though, and he didn't look beat or ashamed the way a lot of men do when they come out of the box. Most men make all kinds of promises to the Captain in order to get out of the box a little quicker. The yardboy told me later that Benny Foster wouldn't even stand up and say "Mornin' Cap'm" the way the Captain wants you to when he brings you your cat heads and water.

The first thing Benny did when he got out was send into town and order himself four pairs of leather gloves and a big jar of vaseline. He filled the gloves with vaseline and worked all the next day under the hammering sun in those greasy gloves with the sweat running down into them and the shovel slipping and sliding because it's very awkward to work in gloves even when you're used to them.

I dropped by his bed that night. He was inspecting his hands. They were pulpy and wrinkled. And the gloves hadn't kept him from collecting a few new blisters.

"Look, kid, it's none of my business," I said, "but I think you're on the wrong track." I showed him my hands—the palms smoothly layered with callous and the fingers thickly padded with callouses on all the working surfaces. "Let your hands toughen up. It only takes a couple of weeks."

"I know that," he said. "But how'm I going to play guitar with fingers like paws? I can't finger now the way I want to."

"What the hell!" I said. "You've got all the rest of your life to play guitar. Why make it hard on yourself now?"

A tight grin split his bony face. "Everybody has to do it his own way, Mac. Me, I like to play guitar."

"Where did you get the vaseline idea?" I asked.

"Well, I read a story once where a cowboy wore a glove full of vase-

line so his hand would stay soft enough to keep his wife happy. . . ." Since he said it straight-faced, I only nodded and looked at him.

"What kind of music were you playing the other night?"

He glanced at me warily. I could see the stony mask start to slide over his face.

"Look, Foster," I said, "don't get me mixed up with the wicker-man. I liked what you were doing. Anyway, I liked most of it. Some of it I couldn't understand but even that moved hell out of me."

The mask cracked and fell away. For an instant I saw Benny Foster's real face—sensitive, intelligent . . . and vulnerable.

"Do you know anything about music?" he asked.

"Damned little, but I know what . . ." I stopped and we both laughed



and from then on we were friends.

The wicker-man gave him a ride every night. "Don't that git-tar fit your hands no more, Yankee?" He'd laugh his braying laugh. Benny ignored him, and this made the wicker-man hunt for new needles. "Don't you know them gloves ain't going to he'p you, boy? It's your muscles that stiffen up around that shovel handle. You might's well forget about any more fancy git-tar playing."

And there was truth in what he said. Benny got the Martin out a couple of times the second week but his fingers just wouldn't work. He could still play guitar that put every other box in the building to shame, but it evidently put him to shame, too, because he slammed the lid on the Martin and sat there staring at his fingers in disgust.

That's when he started the finger exercises. Every night, every noon—

every minute he didn't have his fingers curled around a shovel handle he practiced flexing them. He worked out complicated routines, clenching his fists tightly and then straightening one finger at a time, reversing the order, bending his fingers back toward his wrists so far it made your own hands hurt to watch him.

One Sunday right after dinner, which we ate at noon, Benny Foster came back into his own. I was lying on my bed reading a paperback. The constant hum of the building's sixty men didn't bother me. You learn to screen your mind to snores, conversation, even music. But the spear of sound that lanced the building now came through my screen as though it had been made of palmetto leaves. It seemed impossible that an unwired guitar could produce such volume.

Benny poured all the frustration of the weeks of silence into the first few bars. I don't know what he played. It was wild, manic music, and it would have taken ten years off the wicker-man's life. The day guard just looked up with a startled frown and went back to paring his nails.

Benny played all afternoon. Not only his kind of music, either. He played every song they asked for and sang them, too, and some of them must have hurt him.

When the wicker-man came in, Benny was still going, but quietly now, at peace with himself. He did "Autumn In New York" and followed it up with "Falling Leaves." Pretty songs—sadly lonely on a cool, sun-slanting, early evening in the chain gang.

The wicker-man bulled around in his cage for a while. He didn't say anything. It was the first time I had ever seen him show good sense.

Benny put his guitar away then. Later on when the string-music boys warmed up they didn't ask him to join them and he didn't offer to.

Without actually talking it out, they agreed on a schedule. Benny had the floor every evening from about seven to eight and the hillbillies took over from then until they got tired. Benny played softly most of the time. He stuck to the old folk songs and the blues and the classic standards. Occasionally he played a little jazz—with a light, swinging beat that would make the wicker-man stir restlessly but wouldn't quite goad him into an outburst.

Benny and the wicker-man settled

into a relationship of mutual contempt. They never spoke to one another, never gave overt evidence that either knew the other was alive. Sometimes when the string-music boys were going strong the wicker-man would address the building at large. "Now that's what I call music!" he'd bray. And often when Benny was playing, the wicker-man would get into loud conversation with anyone who didn't have the guts to walk away from him. Or he'd scrape his chair or cough or hum to himself.

Benny's face would tighten and he'd shoot cold, silvery glances toward the wicker, but he kept his mouth shut and didn't push things to the breaking point.

Didn't, that is, until one Saturday night when the wicker-man came in with half a load on and started running a spoon handle across the bars of his cage while Benny was playing "Blue Prelude."

Benny put the Martin away, but when the string-music boys got tuned up he took it out again. They were gathered in front of the wicker, five or six of them in the dim, smoky light, sawing and stomping and banging away and looking beseechingly into each others' eyes as if for reassurance that this was really music. The wicker-man's eyes drooped contentedly in his pasty, shapeless face.

Benny began picking single notes, crystal slivers of sound that dropped icily into the muddy rhythm and immediately cleared and strengthened it. The precise, ringing tone of the Martin dominated the group. Then for an aching, breathless moment Benny picked them up and held them together and drove them through two choruses of country square dance music so alive and happy you could see the flushed faces of the girls and their skirts swirling, and in your mind you could hear the hands clapping and the boot heels spiking the haymow floor.

And then he tore it all apart. He overwhelmed the string-music boys with a clanging, hysterical shower of sound that left them stunned. From the harsh, metallic discord he forged a weapon—and once again the jangling spear of Benny's ultra-progressive guitar ripped its merciless way through the building.

The wicker-man came out of his chair like a pic'd bull.

"No-o-o-o!" he roared. "Godamnit, no! I warned you, you smart sonofa-

bitch and you wouldn't listen, would you. Now bygod bring that git-tar up here and set it agin the wicker."

Benny stared at him, his silvery eyes bright and blank. He took a deep, slow breath. "I ain't giving my guitar to you," he said. "I'll give it to the Captain in the morning."

The wormy vein throbbed in the wicker-man's forehead. His face was redder than the claybank. "You got ten seconds to give me that git-tar, boy," he said in a soft, savage voice.

Benny stood up, his awkward heron's body stiffly calm.

"No," he said.

The wicker-man spun around and jerked open the door leading from the wicker to the outside of the building. We could hear his feet, running, on the sidewalk that led to the guards' barracks.

He was back before anyone had moved, and this time he came in the other door—the one that led directly into the building. At the same time Uncle Bob Daniels, one of the bull-squad gun-guards, slipped into the wicker cage. Uncle Bob was a slit-eyed, leathery old man with a reputation for never shooting a con in the legs if he could give to to him in the back.

The wicker-man had his blackjack in his hand, the thong around his wrist, and as he advanced toward Benny he tapped the loaded end in the palm of his other hand.

"Now are you going to give me that git-tar, boy, or am I going to have to put some knots on your head?"

Benny waited, his face pale under the tan, his eyes as steady and empty as silver mirrors.

As the wicker-man reached for the guitar with his free hand, Benny took a half step backward. With one smoothly angular movement he slid the guitar across his body like a rifle and lunged forward, driving the narrow neck of the guitar deep in the wicker-man's crotch.

The wicker-man screamed like a woman and dropped to his knees, the blackjack thudding against the floor.

At the edge of my vision I saw Uncle Bob Daniels in the wicker leveling his .38 between the bars. I had a paperback in my hands. I threw it at him. The .38 went off—"Ka-room!" and the wicker-man screamed again. Blood began to spill out of his back as he sagged face down on the floor. "Ka-room!" The .38 sounded like a howitzer inside the building.

For The First Mate (Imported from Denmark)



Our imported "DINGHY COAT" of blue Danish Denim and shearling in the double breasted sailor's model in this year's most wanted style setter. Quilted sleeve and shearling hood for additional warmth.

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The bullet smashed clangingly through the guitar which Benny was holding across his chest. He staggered back almost falling until the wall caught him and held him up. He turned the Martin over and looked at the splintered hole where the .38 slug had come out. He laid the Martin down on his bed and touched his chest where the blood was seeping through his shirt.

There was a lost, hopeless look on his face—but he wasn't afraid. I'll swear he wasn't afraid.

He seemed to reach down inside himself and get hold of something. And then he moved—one . . . two . . . three steps . . . toward the wicker. At the third step Uncle Bob Daniels shot him again. Rested the .38 against the bars and shot him through the heart.

Benny fell sideways, straight and stiff. He lay on the floor with his face toward the wicker, and Uncle Bob fired one more time—for luck, I guess. The bullet made a small, black hole in Benny's cheek. It didn't bleed at all.



BABY

Think not of movies or pajamas when you think of baby doll Marie Barry. Think rather of a doll-like child of nature.

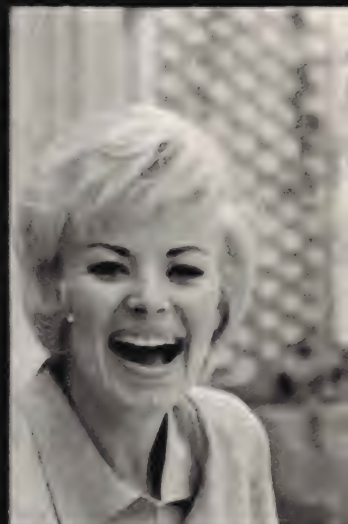
Should you meet Miss Barry, you would find her fresh of face, untyped in her responses. At nineteen hers is the body of a woman, while her manner retains a child-like artlessness. But the lens has penetrated Marie's baby-doll *persona* and within discovered a child of nature of quite another sort. In focus herewith is a creature all elfin magic, a wood sprite poised to frisk through some Attic forest.

Paradoxically this lithe sapling has taken root on the island of Manhattan in the concrete

DOLL







wilderness of the Upper East Side. But don't look for her there. Seek her a few blocks west. You'll find her boating in a wooded cove in July, cantering on the bridle path through a misty November dawn, or tripping through a trackless snowdrift in January . . . in her favorite setting, Central Park.

Marie knows nature is where you find it, and the camera has found in this baby doll a fit companion for the Pan in every man, an incarnation of the dryad in every woman.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ED ALEXANDER



ULYSSES IN BEAT TOWN

(continued from page 44)

"No *simpatico*, huh?"

"I—" She shook her head, helplessly. "No," she said, "I guess you could say not."

In a situation like that what do you do? Right. I shrugged my best nonchalant shrug and said, "See you around," and split forthwith.

Well, Yogi picked me up in his roller skate and we swung like mad up and down those crazy Frisco steeps and pretty soon I knew we were getting close to where the party was because we were driving on broken glass—you know, from bottles the cats had tossed from their heaps. It was in one of those basement apartments on Potrero Hill. Four or five stone steps down and beat the slammer.

The hi-fi blasted us like shock waves—I mean, you had to like *push* in against this tidal pulse of pure cool sound. Right off Yogi spied a chick standing on her head in a corner with her bulky-knit bunched down on upside-down breasts, the white flesh of her middle flowing out of black lastex pants, and he went over to join her.

"Hi, Poet."

"Hi, BT."

Little Louie sat in the middle of the floor, smiling his sweet gentle smile while he dreamed over his soul,

his eyes soft and liquid and quivery like jello.

"Like Noguchi says, 'What is the point of soft without hard, or weight without lightness?'"

"Poet!"

"'t say, Spinner?"

Thad McGrath, on an orange crate, chopped up Kerouac. "No organization, man. Spontaneous prose is so much crud. Everything's organization today: I mean, even revolution can't succeed without discipline . . ."

"You back, Poet?"

"Made the scene today, Ragman."

"Dig Mexico?"

"To frantic, man."

"Crazy!"

Antsville. Yacketyack. Like always.

I cased the rooms, a jelly glass of Gallo in one mitten, seeing but not seeing, being seen but not being seen, if you get my meaning, and it was like a couple hundred parties I'd been to with cats ranged on the floor along the walls, giving out with the Dharma or digging the hi-fi, and the bare feet, and the wild wild beavers, and the girls with too big sweaters and too tight pants, and I'd done it all before, and I'd dug it all before, but tonight, man, it was pure downbeat, an all-the-way drag. I was like schizo—one part of me was on, while the other just stood by X-raying the scene with a cool analytic eye.

"Beckford, man. Ever read *Vat-hek*? Maria Edgeworth. Monk Lewis.

Man, you sit up front with *those* cats. Rexroth! Who needs him?"

I mean a real drag.

I dropped to the floor beside the day bed, the only legitimate piece of furniture in the room.

"Man, I dig that the most."

A tourist. Sitting at the end of the day bed, hands clasped about the neck of a fifth of rye nestled between his legs. He had on tailor-mades, even wore a halter. He was watching BT and the Orphan dancing with slow rhythmic movements of the pelvis and little else. The two chicks faced each other, not touching, stone-faced, a couple of barely animated statues.

"BT?" I asked.

"The one in the sweater."

"That's BT."

"Why do they call her BT? Those her initials?"

"You'll find out. You want to make it with her, man, you've got to play it cool."

"How do you mean?"

I gave the square a look of disdain. Then—oh, hell, what was the difference—I briefed him on SOP for making out with a cool chick. I wanted that fifth, you see.

About that time the sounds kicked off and BT left the Orphan and, with her eyes half closed, as she drifted in our general direction she stripped off her sweater, exposing those swinging globes with all the aplomb of a housewife dumping grapefruit out of a sack.

"Man!" the tourist breathed. "I never saw such big— Oh!" he exclaimed as the light broke, "now I get why they call her BT."

"Cool, man," I cautioned. "Play it cool. And leave the fifth."

Man! It takes a lot of rye to waste the vision of blue eyes and heaped-up golden *richesse* and a sad-sweet smiling mouth.

When I woke up, I was home in bed and some sadistic sonofabitch kept blowing up balloons inside my head and popping them with pins. Bleary-eyed, I dragged it into the bathroom, looking for aspirin. As I reached up to the medicine cabinet, I found myself face to face with the stupidest looking—

Man! that was me!

I closed my eyes and opened them again after a few seconds. But it wouldn't go away—that horrible face in the mirror looking like a mangy fur-piece with big gobs of fur pulled out and the raw skin showing through.



Art UTNER THE DUDE

"Don't mention it, Al. After all, what are friends for?"

It hit me then. The Cretin! This was his revenge. He'd caught me glassy, and he'd chopped me up, beaver and wig, but good. I zoomed back to my room, my mind churning with plans for that little stinker.

I couldn't find my clothes! A blood-curdling suspicion drove me to the window overlooking the yard. I groaned. There was the Cretin stoking a fire with my sweatshirt. The rest of my dry goods had apparently already been reduced to ashes. So there I was, naked to the world, as disorganized as a soldier in a foreign country without his uniform to set him apart from the locals. I pondered my situation and finally concluded the only thing to do was start all over from scratch.

Into the bathroom, and prodigal with water and lather, and scrape-scrape with the governor's razor, and there emerged a face indecent like a bare bottom, but withal, if I do say it myself, a not unhandsome bottom. Then from the closet I resurrected the set of dark blue threads I'd buried there upon my release from the academic dungeons of dear old BU. Then I cut out for the barber.

I spent most of that day in the library. You've seen a dog that's just been clipped, how it slinks along, hoping to hid its obscene unhaired self from the eyes of the world—well, that's how I felt—a yock, a zombie, a real Ichabod.

It was after seven when I got home. This was Wednesday and my breathing ancestors invariably patronized the flicks on Wednesday night. Monica would be baby-sitting the Cretin, and I wanted the Cretin just that way—comparatively unguarded.

Alas! When I walked into the house, I found not only my siblings absorbed in some gruesome program on the noise tube, but also, Lisa Garner. Lisa looked startled, like maybe she thought I was a rapist or something pulling a caper. But Monica recognized me.

"Willie!" she squealed. "You've shaved off your beard! And got a haircut!" She jumped up and jigged around me like she was gassed. "Didn't I tell you he was cute, Lisa?"

I threw an uncomfortable glance at Lisa—I couldn't have felt more naked if I'd been without any clothes. Suddenly, I came all unstuck. So help me, there was a gleam in her eye. She approved of what she was staring at, namely, *me*.

Right then, a lot of things fell into place for me. My being glad to be home, I mean, and being brought down by the flap and the action at McGrath's last night. And I understood something of what that Greek cat, Ulysses, must have felt when he got home: I mean he must have looked at Penelope and realized that a stud couldn't go on forever sailing the wine-dark seas, and wasting Cyclopes and Trojans, and making it like mad with even such swinging chicks as Circe and Calypso, and that sooner or later a man had to make up his mind he was going to have to become earthbound or forever wander around belonging nowhere and to no one. I mean, man, he was *home*.

I had a sudden urgency to tell Lisa my newly discovered truths and I said, dropping the hip talk, "Lisa, it's a beautiful night out. Let's go for a walk. Please?"

She said, "Yes." Unhesitatingly.

My brother was eying, with a certain retrospective respect, my black calf three-eyelet oxfords with squared-point toe, and I knew he was renouncing forever, remembering the punishing dynamics of a mere tennis shoe, any designs on Lisa's lovely person he might have been entertaining.

He ducked against Monica for protection when I walked up to him. But I only rumbled his hair with an affectionate hand.

"Thanks, pal," I said.

He may never recover from the shock.



CHASTE, CHASING, CHASTENED

(continued from page 40)

ugly seem beautiful—or at least desirable by virtue of being distinctive. A girl will be known by the belt she wears, and the style and design will be her passport to a predetermined level of society—social level type. When the girls are comparing notes in some cool, dim bar, of a hot afternoon, the ones who have theirs made at some top jewelers will tend to snoot it over the ones who have to pick theirs up in bargain basement sales. Then, too, in the shower room of the swimming club, or wherever naked women gather in profusion, a girl's social level can be determined in-

stantly; the one from the wrong side of the bank will be sporting a plebeian chastity belt, one doubtless garnished with rhinestones, while the madcap millionairess will be flaunting a hand-tooled gold job, encrusted with pigeon blood rubies and cabochon cut emeralds—set flush with the surface, of course.

One group will welcome with open arms the return of the chastity belt; a group who stands to clean up a fortune. I am referring to the International Association of Ladies Who Are Shady. Their chief complaint now is that so much is being given gratis, that many of the *poules* can't make the price of *vichyssoise* and *crepes suzettes*, even with fire sales thrown in. Now, with the gates being locked, a whole raffish assortment of men will be seeking room and bordello.

I can only hope that the meddlers among the cliché coiners will let the word CHASTITY BELT stand alone in its stark, pristine beauty, full-spelled and triumphant, and that they won't come up with any imbecilic word weddings or contractions, the way they did when they turned a lusty word like brassiere into the horrible "bra," doubtless the ugliest coinage in the English language next to "panties." But I'm afraid some moron will come swishing in to his copy chief one fine morning, and in a transport of ecstasy, will screech, "Chiefy, chiefy, I've got it! A simply *divine* name! We'll call them CHAS-SIES!" and naturally all the advertisements will degenerate to a low level, and the opportunities for fun will die.

Regarding the acceptance of the chastity belt as a woman's home companion, opinions are divided. I'm afraid we'll have the same spotty luck we're having with integration, although I don't think there will be any legislation concerning them. I personally think industry is eager for the comeback, and I can visualize factories retooling like mad, dreams of untold millions spurring them on. As for me, there's a little fringe group of highly skilled artisans that I'm going to join, provided I can take a couple of fast courses in their trade. I'm referring to the locksmiths, and girls, if I make the team, I'll make your keys, and remember, girls, I'll be available, night and day, for as long as I can stand on my feet.



CINEMA OR "SINEMA"?

Unless you're so double-domed that you hate even *foreign* films . . .



"See that? Well *they're* not married . . ."



"Why must you insist on seeing this?
She's a notoriously bad actress . . ."



"Yeah—but if I ever came on like that, you'd call a cop!"



"Now shall we go to my place for a cup of espresso?"



"Doo—see-voo-play . . ."



"Now do you understand what I mean about enjoying life?"



"O.K. I get your message—now stop pointing out
phallic symbols and let me watch the movie."

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

(continued from page 16)

cards off all the floral offerings; would you mind carrying them to the hearse, all of you, and putting them around the bier? Then by the time you get back I'll have the casket closed and ready for you."

If just one person had said: "I can't get near the roses—they make me sneeze," or "You don't need us all; I'll wait here and rest my bad knee," or "That's not a good idea, Jared—the casket will crush them if we put them in first"—if that had happened, then the whole desperate gamble would have been lost. Gussie would never have been his wife; the rest of his family would never have come to read and knit and play cards and build model ships in the big sitting room. But from Gussie to Grandma, it had worked.

The instant the last back was turned, bending under its load of flowers, Jared moved like lightning. Quick—lift the body out of the casket. Quick—lay it on the couch concealed behind the heavy velvet curtains. Quick—bring out the life size, carefully weighted dummy prepared

and ready, and put it in place. Quick—close the lid and fasten it. It all took between two and three minutes. When the first pallbearer returned, everything was set. Nobody ever knew what rode out to the cemetery, what was lowered into the grave.

He himself drove the hearse, of course. The funeral parlor was safely locked until he returned. Then, with the last sober, sympathetic handshake, he was left alone.

Once inside, he did nothing until closing time. Then, with the office and display room and slumber room and chapel dark, he went behind the velvet curtain and lifted the new member of his family respectfully and tenderly from the couch and took him or her back to the preparation room. Nobody could ever have claimed that the embalming job already done was not as good as anyone could wish for. But now came the last extra refinements of his art—the special preservative he had perfected, the cosmetic changes which increased the resemblances of kindred, the new clothes he had bought in a fast trip to McMinville. The clothing provided by the "former family"—that was how he always thought of them—he put

thriftily away to help stuff the next dummy: if Jared Sloane had been given to frivolity, which he was not, he might have found amusement in the thought that, for instance, the "former" sister Emma's last garments now occupied the coffin of the "former" dad. Last of all, he arranged the new member in the pose which he had decided on for his or her future in the family gathering in the sitting room. Then he carried his newly acquired relative downstairs. No introductions were necessary; it was to be assumed that the Sloane family knew one another. Jared got to bed late on those seven red-letter evenings; it was hard to tear himself away from the companionship of his augmented family circle and go to his lonely room.

As the years went by, he ceased to fret and worry and fear for weeks or months afterward, as he had done at first. After all, he averaged about fifty funerals a year, counting the country around Middleton and occasional Middleton-born people who had left town but were brought home for burial. In ten years that meant some five hundred and out of all these he had taken the big gamble only seven times.

Some day, of course, he himself would die, and then inevitably the discovery would be made. But by that time he would be past caring, and the scandal and excitement and newspaper headlines would be of no concern to him. He was only fifty-eight, and he had never been ill a day in his life; he would count on twenty or twenty-five years more—the only man in Middleton who would never have to dread a lonely old age. He remembered his terribly lonely childhood and youth, and to his grateful little silent prayer he added thanks that by his own efforts he had compensated for it. He was grateful for another thing, too—that the fate that had deprived him of mother-love as a helpless infant had seemed to paralyze his emotional nature; never in his life had he felt or understood what seemed to him the disgusting sexual impulses of other men. Even his long love of Gussie Stiegeler had been made up—as it was now that she was Gussie Sloane—wholly of tenderness and protectiveness and dependency.

Once in a book on psychology he had read about a horrible perversion called necrophilia, and had shuddered. He tried, with an attempt at under-



"What do you have in the way of sex symbols?"

standing, to imagine himself taking Gussie—his lovely, precious Gussie, whom he dressed in silk and pearls, for whom he had bought the piano that the “former” Gussie had played so well—away from her piano and into his narrow bed, kissing her, embracing her . . . He felt sick. For days thereafter it embarrassed him even to look at Gussie; he blushed at the thought that she might have guessed what foul fancies he had permitted to enter his mind.

He loved his family because they *were* his family, because they were his and no one else’s, because with them he could expand and be himself and know that they would always belong to him. He was doing their former selves and their former dear ones no injury. He loved dad and mother and grandma filially, he loved sister Emma and brother Ben as an older brother should, he adored Gussie and little Luke. All he needed now for perfect happiness was a sweet little daughter; it wasn’t good for a boy like Luke to be the only child.

Naturally he couldn’t look around and pick and choose or even speculate—good heavens, only a ghoul would do that! He must wait, as with all the others, until just the right opportunity came—a seven- or eight-year-old girl, with dark hair (both he and Gussie were dark), a pretty little girl because her mother was pretty, provided for him by good fortune and the kindness of heaven, as all the rest of the family had been. There was no hurry; Luke would always stay ten years old, just as Grandma would always be eighty-nine. Jared would have shrunk from feeling interest or curiosity if he had been told of the illness of somebody’s little daughter. He could wait. But his heart gave a little excited jump every time he got a call from a household where there were children, until he learned—as he always did—that it was grandfather or uncle William or old cousin Sarah in whose behalf his services were required. Twice he handled the funerals of little girls, but one was a scrawny, homely blonde brat, and the other had been killed in an auto accident and was dreadfully mangled.

In the early hours of March 31st Jared Sloane was wakened from a sound sleep by a loud knock at the front door. That happened sometimes—people came instead of phoning;

"LOVE THOU
THE ROSE,
YET
LEAVE IT
ON ITS STEM . . ."



*Unless you'd like the whole plant,
from stamen to pistil to petal,
from the finest fiction, the most
articulate articles, the farthest-out
fashions, the sharpest satire . . .
to the roses the roses the roses—
the long stemmed ones, the budding
bonnies, the whole gamut of
"American Beauties"
(and foreign, too).*

*Treat yourself to the whole plant,
six times for one three dollar bill.
Subscribe!*

Remittance must accompany order.

THE DUDE
505 Eighth Ave.
New York 18, N.Y.

(check one)

- ☐ Please send me six issues for \$3.
☐ Please send me twelve issues for \$6.

Name

Address

City

Zone

State

11/61

like a doctor he was inured to night calls, and he shrugged drowsily into bathrobe and slippers. As he switched on the lights in the front he heard a car driving away; when he opened the door, the street—the main business street of Middleton was part of a state highway—was dark and deserted.

Then his eyes fell to a little bundle, wrapped in a blanket, lying on the porch at his feet. He stooped and picked it up, knowing at once what it must be. Inside, he drew the blanket away from the little corpse.

Even with the head hanging limp on the broken neck, he recognized her at once—the papers had been full of her photographs. It was the Manning child. Manning had disobeyed orders and notified the police, and the kidnappers had brutally made good their threat.

Why they had deposited their victim on the doorstep of a country undertaker two hundred miles away, in another state from the city where the millionaire's child had been snatched, Jared Sloane could not imagine. Probably, making good their escape with the ransom money, they had chanced on the sign as they drove through Middleton, and as a bit of macabre humor had presented him with the body. Much as he disliked the idea of being brought to public notice and having FBI men and police officers and reporters invading his privacy, Jared knew his duty; he must tele-

phone at once to the sheriff's office in McMinnville.

Then he looked down at the blanket and what it held. Diana Manning had been nine, but she was small for her age. She had been a pretty, delicately cared for child. Her hair was long and soft and dark, the blank eyes staring up at him were brown.

He stood for a long time, pondering. Then quietly he lifted Diana and carried her back to the preparation room. Before he returned to bed, he took all her clothing and the thin old blanket out to the incinerator in the back yard, near the garage; he could not arouse suspicion by lighting a fire at three o'clock in the morning, but he burned trash every few days.

The next evening, for the first time since Grandma, Jared dropped in on the family only long enough to tell them the good news. He was moved; he whispered it to Gussie first. After all, Martha was going to be her daughter. He worked till late, then hid Martha carefully away. He had no funeral scheduled for the rest of the week, and there was nobody in the slumber room whom relatives and friends would be coming to visit; he could leave a sign in the door around noon and drive to McMinnville for a wardrobe and a big doll for his little girl. He always did the shopping for the family in McMinnville, which was large enough for him to be a stranger.

There was nothing new in the paper or on the radio about the Manning

case. Perhaps the father, poor fool, was still dreaming he could get his daughter back by paying the ransom, and had asked too late for silence and secrecy.

That night Jared Sloane sat in his plum-colored chair and beamed at little Martha, perched on a cushion near her brother, smiling up at her mother at the piano. The family was complete. He was the happiest man on earth.

Three days later, as he worked in his office on accounts, the front door opened and a tall young man entered, carrying a brief case. Jared adjusted his expression to greet a salesman instead of a client.

"Mr. Sloane?" the young man asked amiably. Jared nodded. "Can you spare me a moment?"

"I don't know that there's anything I need right now, thanks."

"Need? Oh," he laughed. "I'm not a salesman."

He opened his wallet and showed a badge and a card. Investigator. His name was Ennis.

Jared slumped in his chair, gripping the arms to hide the sudden shaking of his hands. Ennis seated himself opposite without an invitation.

"About the Manning child's body," he said easily.

Jared had control of himself by now. He stared at Ennis with a puzzled frown.

"The Manning child? The one that was kidnapped? Have they found her?"

"Now, Mr. Sloane—" The man glanced around him at the small, tidy office, at the respectable elderly undertaker in his neat black suit. He seemed disconcerted. Then he leaned forward confidentially.

"Perhaps there's been some mistake," he said. "This isn't for publication yet, but we have a man in custody—a man who's a very hot suspect."

"Good. I hope you nail him. Anybody who would kidnap a child, let alone murder her, killing's too good for him."

"Did I say she was murdered?"

"You said 'the Manning child's body.'"

"So I did. Well, I'll level with you, Mr. Sloane. This man—we've had him for two days now, and he's begun to talk. In fact, to be frank, we have a full confession. And he says that on March 30th he drove through Middleton with the body in his car, and left it on the porch in front of a funeral



"In the name of heaven, Benziger, turn on your hearing aid!"

parlor just off the highway. He told us the name on the sign was Sloane."

"Nobody left any remains or anything else on my porch on the night of March 30th," Jared said steadily. It was perfectly true; it had been quarter to three on the morning of March 31st.

"Now look, Mr. Sloane, please understand we're not accusing you of anything. Of course concealment of a dead body is a criminal offense, but we're not disposed to be tough about it. I can understand very well what a shock it must have been, and that you might want a little while to make up your mind what to do about it—after all, it isn't pleasant to have a lot of that kind of publicity turned on you through no fault of your own. I'll give you my word—you let us take the child away quietly and we may never have to make public at all where we found the body."

If you had come that very day, Jared thought, I might have done it. Then he had a vision of Martha, in her short pink dress, her dark hair tied with a big pink ribbon, fondling her doll and smiling at her mother. He shook his head stubbornly.

"The man is lying to you," he said. "He must have noticed my sign as he passed through here and sent you on a wild goose chase. I've been in business in Middleton for twenty years, everybody knows me. Do you think I'd be likely to help a kidnapper by hiding the evidence against him? Besides—"

It had been on the tip of his tongue to add that he had a little girl of his own: he stopped himself just in time.

"Besides," he went on, "nobody would know better than a man in my profession that it's a crime to dispose of remains illegally. It's the last thing I'd do."

"Well, you may be right, Mr. Sloane. We'll go over it with him again. So, just for the record, let me have a look around your place so I can report that the body's not here, and we may never have to bother you again. You surely have no objection to that."

Jared felt himself turning pale. He had a sudden swift picture of Ennis, finding the display room and the slumber room and the preparation room and the chapel all empty, asking next to go through his living quarters—and in the kitchen saying: "Where does that door lead to?"

"What are you aiming to do?" he

MONKEY ON YOUR BACK?

Tired of the usual, the banal, in short, the brand of entertainment associated with the idiot box? Switch your dial to a new kind of Fun—Fun with a capital "F" . . . See **JANUARY DUDE**, on sale November 9.



asked sarcastically. "Dig up my backyard to see if I've buried Diana Manning in it for no reason under the sun? Yes, I do object. This is my home as well as my place of business. I know my rights as a citizen. I'm not going to have anybody snooping through my private property without a search warrant—and I take it you haven't got that."

"No, I haven't, Mr. Sloane." The young man's friendly eyes had turned cold, and his voice was hard. "If that's the way you feel about it, I can go to McMinnville and get one, and be back here with it and the sheriff within an hour. I don't know why a respectable business man like you should want to obstruct justice and help a dirty rat like the man we've got in custody, but that's what it amounts to."

"Very well. I'll see you an hour from now. And if you've got that body here and make any attempt to hide it or take it away somewhere in your hearse, we'll find that out, too." He paused. His voice grew more conciliatory. "If you want to change your mind—" he said. Jared shook his head again. Ennis picked up his brief case and marched out of the building. Jared watched him climb into the car parked in front and make a U-turn back toward McMinnville.

He stood still for a long minute. Then he picked up the sign which said: "Closed—Be Back Soon," and stuck it in the front door and locked up. He went back to the kitchen and unlocked the door to the sitting room, and this time he took out the key and relocked it on the inside. Then slowly, he walked downstairs to the family.

He reached up and pulled the curtain open on the two windows—the first time they had ever been opened since the room had been furnished for Gussie. It was a risk, though a small

one, but it had to be taken for a few moments.

In the white light of day there was something bleak and forlorn about the cozy scene. Dad was reading the paper, mother knitting, grandma dozing, Ben and Emma playing cards, Luke working on his model ship, Gussie at the piano, just as always. Somehow they seemed a little withered, less like living people than like mummies—even darling Gussie, in her new blue dress. Only Martha, the newcomer, looked as fresh and blooming as they all had been in the warm gaslight of his happy evenings.

He sighed deeply. He reached up to the chandelier, and turned on all the jets. Then he sat down in his chair.

He loved them so much. They were his, they belonged to him and he belonged to them. An orphan and a foundling, but he had a family, he had not gone lonely through all his life. A man not made like other men, yet he had loved a woman, and for ten years now she had been his dearly beloved wife.

On an impulse, still half-embarrassed by the eyes of the others on him, he went to the piano bench, put his arms around Gussie, and for the first time kissed her on the lips. Her mouth was cold and dry, but he had never known it warm and moist. Then he went back to sit in his chair.

After a while he began to smell the gas—it was natural gas, but they put something in it to warn people if it was turned on by accident. When waves of giddiness began to flow over him, he knew the room was full. He must not delay until he was too sick and dizzy.

He reached into his coat pocket, took out a kitchen match and struck it on the sole of his shoe.

THE VAMP

(continued from page 35)

starred luscious Edwina Booth, *The Cruellest Woman in All Africa*. She ruled the jungles dressed in a leotard of leopard skin, a whip in one hand, Duncan Renaldo in another, and her bosom rampant. "Cover 'em up," said the censors. Whitbeck craftily compromised. He flopped Edwina's head of yellow hair over one of 'em. The other, it was the biggest thing that had happened to Africa since the Hope Diamond.

But evasion wasn't always so easy. Censorship, in the form of Will Hayes's office, became a fact of life, and part of the starlets' decline. Around the mid-Twenties, the Hayes office ruled over all. Not even Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" was immune from the blue nosers, and had to be run in an ad for *Cytherea* with the word "Censored" plastered over the objectionable areas.

But Hollywood went down squirming. The Hollywood salmon swam upstream against the current of censorship. He decided that "We shall have sex, as long as we have men and women." It was a great moment in a great industry.

But before the Hayes settled over the eyes of Hollywood's producers, women were women, and vice was plentiful. One of the most plentiful was the wallop in Mae West, who inadvertently did more to moralize Hollywood than any other girl save Jean Harlow. Mae's importation of her own Broadway success *Sex* (a play by any other name still . . .) had to be toned down a bit for Boise audiences. But her hot house rendi-

tions of "I Like a Man Who Takes His Time," "I Wonder Where My Easy Rider's Gone," and her breathy delivery of such classic dialogue as "Beulah, peel me a grape" and her wicked "You can be had" steamed up many a pair of spectacles.

But it was Mae's own pair of spectacles that brought on the law, and turned my father to ripsnorters like the Andy Hardy series. Still, while she lasted, Mae loved every minute of her life as America's first temptress. She was deluged with suggestive fan mail, and Mae framed many of her admirers' franker propositions, inviting an occasional man to come up and see not her but her more virile testimonials. In '33, she was pulling down \$200,000 a picture. Three years later, she had a tough time getting a contract. Sex had collapsed.

With it collapsed Jean Harlow, the girl who, but for the unwelcome encumbrance of the bra, might have coined the word "realsies." She had 'em, and every reader of the old movie magazines knew deep down that Harlow was as much off-screen as she was on. One of the central "problems" in *l'affaire* Harlow was the blonde's mammarial exhibitionism. In those days, it was Big Sport for studio personnel to loll in the shade, waiting for Miss Harlow to pass by in her silk pongee PJ's. It was too good to last. Those same historic words flashed down the Old Memo Trail: "Cover 'em up."

Harlow flipped. She considered bras "unhealthy and immoral." Temperament met ego in glorious combat. Finally, the long arm of the Accounting Department won. After passing some expensive, chill mornings wait-

ing idly for Harlow, the wardrobers at last fashioned a unique bra for Harlow's safety. It did the trick, though Harlow invariably shed it at sundown, going her own way in her own way.

Even preceding Hayes one of the greatest declines in hot stuff came with the fall of the silents. The queens of the silent screen were everything that woman would ever need be, as my father incessantly recalled. According to Dad, the heady parade of starlets was interrupted only by such title cards as the one that read "Down the Virgin Falls."

Jolson sang in the end of one great era of starlets. Gone forever was the luscious May McAvoy. Without a microphone, she was heaven. With a microphone, it was discovered she lisped, and she didn't seem quite so torrid again.

Those starlets who couldn't take it on the lam from Hollywood at this time (one starlet invoked the Act of God clause in her contract, explaining that a New York millionaire had proposed to her), died a slow elocutionary death. One who disappeared was the fair Aileen Pringle, who had been reprimanded by astute lip readers for mouthing (during a tender scene in a matinee idol's arms), "If you drop me, you bastard, I'll break your neck."

With the old era of starlets suddenly struck mute, the film producers themselves had to learn to produce. One who made the talkie transition with nary a flutter was C. B. DeMille, whose historical epics needed little vocalizing. Still, the sound track eventually put an end to one of his more dashing techniques: the historical flashback. Dirty old Babylon was out. In its place was DeMille's own contribution to cleaning up *Sex*: the Bathtub. Clad only in their godliness and a rather murky tub of rosewater, DeMille's dunklings became the subject of national joking. But also of an extremely profitable box office. As much as my father would snicker at them, he was still impressed.

Then they had to go and have a war. That had something to do with our growing up, too. It helped our boys' eyes open up, and survivors of the E.T.O. found it difficult to accept with full credulity the spectacle of a terror-striking female from East Europe seducing her gullible Yankee prey on tiger hide sheets. The *Yellow Peril of Shanghai* also grew less perilous, and Anna May Wong's

DON'T THROW IN THE TOWEL!



. . . life isn't that much of a drag. Not if you pick up **JANUARY DUDE** (on sale November 9), and get a clear picture of what goes on in a German mud bath!

career amid the opium pots, gambling hells, and white slavers grew less awesome. Even those films with the obligatory long shot of Pago Pago swaying in the breeze (erupting volcanoes, beachcombers, tidal waves, dusky beauties, berserk medicine men, stuffed tigers, and free lust) weren't so enchanting after the servicemen came home with beri-beri.

There was Garbo, the most mysterious of all the starlets. In the ga-ga days of Hollywood, she was the queen of the starlets, and the tops of the pin-ups. In fact, she was probably the last of the old style pin-ups; after she put her foot down, no starlet worth more-than-minimum considered it decent to pose for leg art. Flesh hit the skids. Garbo finished it off after she was photographed by her studio in a variety of cheesecake shots in tennis shorts, bathing costumes, track suits, and the like, all to prove to the American public that "She had gams." The next day Garbo laid down the beach ball. "No more," she cried, "or I go home."

But until that dark day, men's gazettes were a thing of beauty indeed. There was Clara Bow, in front of a cabana in a swim suit, sombrero, six shooter, holster, polka-dot bandana, and six ounces of mascara; Carole Lombard, clutching to her breast a sateen drape, period; Claudette Colbert as a bare-midriffed Cleopatra, a flimsy lamé halter describing her curves, while rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other priceless gems of the Orient bedecked her; Hedy Lamarr dressed in sumac leaves; Billie Dove in a pearl girdle; Dorothy Lamour in a tub of balloons, her head topped by a turban and a pair of purple plumes. It could reduce a strong man to quivers.

But this heyday of skin art by name stars was over. Word got out that the amount of leg a starlet showed was in inverse proportion to her importance. Pin-ups became a dividing line between the female star, and the starlet. Another way that Hollywood began making this star-starlet distinction was when its buxom starlets began attracting movie patrons by their own name power, rather than by their appetizing busts.

Now that you've been brought up to date, you have no difficulty seeing how, between then and now, sex has lost its mystery. With that loss came still another tumble in the downfall of the starlet. Sex equality and Kin-

sey, electric blankets and night lights, they all had their part in lifting the enigmatic mist. It was, indeed, a sorry spectacle to see my father becoming sensible about women. It marked, for him and the millions like him, the death of the greatest starlets of them all: the Vamps.

Vamps (for the younger generation) were bad girls, unredeemed by love, cursed by society, and (when they ultimately fell into a coma of love with their victims) were invariably done to death by their employers. These girls were pros. They could force their lover to blow out the flickering lamp in front of his most sacred ikon and, in shadowy semi-darkness, perform forbidden Hindu dances at the drop of a veil. Talk about thrills!

When Ingrid Bergman, a girl who could get her sex and a square deal at the same time, replaced Theda Bara, well, it just wasn't worth selling our country's secret plans any more.

But, while carnivorous Theda was still around, posing for pin ups over *The Skeleton of One of Her Past Lovers*, starlets were frightfully evil. Theda, she was a seeress. She had stir-crazy eyes. Her name was an anagram of the Arab word for death. A white, chauffeured limousine driven by "genuine Nubian slaves from up The Mighty Congo" transported her body about. She held her press interviews in velvet-shrouded rooms, incense filling the air.

And on top of all that, she could claim genuine Eastern ancestry.

A full week after she mouthed the words, "Kiss me, my fool," on our neighborhood screen, my dad found it hard to look at Mom with the same passion.

But the Vamps didn't last except in the minds of an enlightened few. Men who'd seen it all, like L.B. ("Get me a mature Audrey Hepburn") Mayer and Sam Goldwyn. Men of their taste are tough to find nowadays. The old studio boss is becoming a relic.

Only the remarkable Goldwyn still holds sway over the glamour of yore. Swivel Hips Sam knew how to side step the purists. When one of his men came up with the complaint that the American public wouldn't buy *The Captive* because it was about a Lesbian, shiftily Sam stiff-armed the rascal with: "We'll get around that. We'll make her an American." To my mind, that kind of thinking is all too rare today.



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CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

No longer is his or any other studio the rampant force it once was. Jodhpurs are out and sneakers are in. The casting couch has slipped, and no more—or at least, little more—can starlets win their fortunes by offering them to studio moguls. Stella Stardust, the recently crowned Dairy Queen from Resume Speed, Mo., who is bent on crashing through in Hollywood and will do anything, *anything* to reach starlet status, now ends up with the messenger boy. Or at best, a frisky make-up man. When one M-G-M aspirant was asked by a Junior Assistant Director if she thought she'd ever get that screen test, she answered plaintively, "Maybe, if my body holds out."

Mostly, such open offers as hers now go untaken. Hollywood has gone square.

But the actual death blow to all of

this starlet stuff was, of course, TV. It completely demolished the glamour of the old starlets, the old films, and especially the old motion picture palaces, the cathedrals of the cinema. Before Berle, theater attractions fairly tumbled over each other. Quick-sketch artists drew our portraits free while we waited in the lobby. Pert models paraded the latest fashions for us. Dad could stash me in a supervised play area replete with sandbox, seesaw, and diaper service; then led by a West Point-drilled usherette, he'd glide down to his plush seat and sit slack-jawed under thousand-sparkle chandeliers and rococo ornamentation, Doric columns, and back-lighted waterfall displays, to be blasted by five-manual Giant Wurlitzers tripping through "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" and "Water of the Perkiomen."

Like the rest of it, movie palaces slipped, and a few years later (Ed Sullivan having taken his toll) one Fox theater manager was reduced to lettering his marquee with, "Win \$80 and See a Lousy Show."

What was lousy was that there

were no more heavy-lidded starlets to strike Dad dumb. Where, for instance, was that great all-time starlet Madge Kennedy? She had real personality, or so we read. She insisted that her harem girl's outfit be re-draped so that any hint that she had underclothing be obliterated.

To be a Madge Kennedy in those days, you had to fight hard. Bosom battled bosom till one of them was (to continue the metaphor) flattened. Mabel Normand, coloring her personality for the benefit of a fan mag interviewer, poetically opined that she personally loved those "dark, windy days when trees break and houses creak." She confessed that she didn't know what to say she had for hobbies, but in a fit of inspiration came up with, "Say anything you like, but don't say I like to work. That sounds like a prissy bitch. Just say I like to pinch babies and twist their legs. And get drunk."

Their fights for eminence were nifty to behold. My father lavished attention over the least details of their lives. But, then, who could honestly call "least" such news that one star-

let never ate bread . . . "hummingbird wings, maybe, but not bread"?

But television didn't stop with killing the extravaganzas. It had to chop away at the major studios themselves, reducing their personnel by half. And among the first to be chopped were our heroines, the girl extras (or "Bodies," as Hollywood called them), which each studio had under contract for miscellaneous purposes. Back in pre-Depression '27, Hollywood's two dozen studios had 9,973 employees on payroll, and 1,800 of them were Bodies. Today, there are only a skinny handful, hardly enough to stock a desert island. And not one of those left overs dares raise her voice to complain, as Mary Pickford once did, that "I can't afford to work for only \$10,000 a week."

Those few Bodies who were left on the payroll after TV hit never got a fighting chance. The enervated studio publicity departments just couldn't muster up the old spunk. Thirty years back, when publicity was king, starlets got the full treatment. As recently as the '40s, the late Harry Cohn, Columbia's topper, said of his creation, Rita Hayworth, "Bring me your wife or your aunt, we'll do the same thing for them." Publicity and scoop necklines could do it, creating the likes of such early dreamboats as Clara Bow and Alice White, who made petting-party love to their brilliantined beaux (though they knew it meant damnation).

Damnation was better than obscurity.

While it lasted, such publicity-born, spit-curved sirens made their way into everybody's dreams of love. The Love Dream was climaxed first by Gloria Swanson (who topped "Madame" Pola Negri's marriage to a mere Count by wedding the Marquis Henri de la Falaise de Coudray, only to get herself one-upped by Mae Murray's marriage to the "Prince" Mdivani . . . and so it went).

But those weddings were little league indeed compared to the dreams that big women and little girls sighed when Vilma Banky took on Rod La Rocque. It was a big do. Sam Goldwyn staged it with unparalleled showmanship, only slightly tarnished when a reporter lost a tooth biting into a papier-mache turkey leg, one of the more inedible studio props at the wedding.

Little wonder that, with such



"But, Gerald—why do you ask if I'm bothered by terrible sinus headaches?"

Perhaps the best way to sum up this reminiscence is to quote Gloria Swanson's touching line from *Sunset Boulevard*: "I'm still a big star. It's the pictures that got small."

"I suppose they've been filling your head with a lot of filthy lies about advertising. Well, there may be backbiting and savage infighting at some of the agencies, but there's none at Simulacrum and Scrott! They've told you we're a bunch of hustlers and fast-money boys who failed in decent professions . . . Well, we love our

work, even if punks like you come around here telling a lot of lies about us!"

Craven stubbed out a cigarette on the back of his own hand.

"Look, brother, you're attacking an industry with a lot of really fine, creative, able people in it, and I'm not going to listen to any more twisted, filthy . . ."

He staggered around the desk and took a wild overhand swing at Byron who ducked past him into the outer office.

"I think Mr. Craven is a little nervous this morning," he told the receptionist.

She looked at him levelly. "Listen, buddy, just because a few misfits are a little nervous doesn't mean that advertising is a high-pressure game. We're just a passel of decent folks trying to do an important job . . ." But his elevator had come.

Going down in the elevator, Byron fell in with a seedy looking Mutt and Jeff team in baggy forty dollar suits festooned with smelly pipes and ball-point pens. They were an engaging

knockabout pair and Byron was two hours matching pennies with them for beers before he learned who they were: Simulacrum and Scrott. Scrott was so impressed with the first page of Byron's resume that he invited him up to his office to take an aptitude test.

"Personnel department is just a front. We never hire anybody without pull unless we meet him in a bar," Simulacrum explained.

Scrott handed Byron the test. "We swear by this damn thing. Flunked it out of hand myself. Measures the vocabulary is actually what it does."

Byron was hired at \$15,000 a year.

An hour later he floated into the Driftwood and spotted a leggy young model, all white thighs and rising breasts, sitting alone in a booth. Could it be? Yes, he was sure of it! Byron was not usually forward, but his business triumph emboldened him to approach her.

"Say there—aren't you Dee Dee Wigglesworth? Mind if I sit down?"

The cameo purity of her exquisite face was troubled for an instant. Byron realized the enormity of his

blunder. This girl was certainly no Wigglesworth.

"You may sit wherever you wish," she said in a superbly modulated, richly thrilling contralto. She rose to leave, tossing her mane of heavy black hair with magnificent contempt.

"Oh, Miss, I'm so sorry . . . I . . ."

She turned and walked away.

Byron babbled on in hopeless torment. "It's just that your muliebrity made me feel fugacious."

She staggered as if from a heavy blow. "Muliebrity . . . fugacious . . ." she stammered.

"There I go with another sesquipedalian exordium," Byron turned away in self-disgust.

And then she was in his arms, bruising his mouth with her wild young kisses.

"What a vocabulary! Oh, darling, it must be *huge*! Kiss me, trample me. I'm hanging on your words!"

In ten minutes they were entering a hotel on Forty-ninth Street that specialized in Off-Broadway productions. Byron signed the register "Mr. and Mrs. Richard Roe." The desk clerk scowled at him over the *Morning Telegraph*.

"Is that your right name?"

"As a matter of fact . . . no."

"Well, all right then."

In the room the girl shook off her clothes and walked into his arms with hungry grace. Byron devoured every warm curve of her creamy flesh with his eyes.

"And to think I've been wasting my time in horror movies," he thought as she raised her ripe lips to his . . .

The Off-Broadway production started as a one-night stand, became a smash hit overnight and had a long run. After which they were married and moved into a big drafty apartment on West End Avenue.

Within five years Byron was number three man in the agency. It was Simulacrum who put his finger on the reason for Byron's rapid rise, one day at Le Pavillon.

"Byron boy, I like you. You have less talent than any man I know—even less than Scrott!"

"Now see here, D.T. . . ."

"Byron boy, talent is selfish. It has standards. It warps a man's judgment. All those Faulkners we got writing our ads, jabbering about their artistic integrity . . ." He sank his teeth into a ten dollar cigar and glared at the ceiling. "If they want to ex-



"Of course you were the first. Why do you men always ask that same question?"

press themselves, let 'em be chorus boys or hairdressers. But not you, Byron boy. How I love to hear those big words roll out. It's the Muzak of the spheres. You'll go far."

And he did, to a house in Connecticut. Byron was a success. He bought a power-mower for his rug-sized lawn and a snowblow which he needed once every two years. He installed fifty-six hundred dollars' worth of power tools in an outbuilding and turned out rococo furniture which he gave away at church bazaars. His wife bought a pepper mill and became a gourmet cook. They had two children and a dog. (They sold the dog after his second suicide attempt.)

One day while taking his usual three-hour lunch, Byron passed a door on Fourteenth Street labeled, "L. Talon—Fotos of the Stars." He stepped in. L. Talon proved to be a hawk-like little man in sleeve garters presiding over a room full of fly-specked erotica.

"Ten years ago I took your vocabulary course. It made me what I am today—a success. I'd just like to thank you."

Talon removed the monogrammed plastic toothpick from his mouth. "Vocabulary? I got out of that field coupla years ago. No money in it, you know? People today—they don't read, they look at pictures. That's my line now. Pictures. Ten poses a dollar. Take your time, look around . . ."

But Byron had already walked out the door to vanish among a million faceless men.



THE CURE

(continued from page 28)

"You think that's very serious? Significant?"

"Well, I don't know. I just get to figure that maybe I'm meeting the wrong people. But there's more, Doc. It's the rest of it that's driving me nuts."

"Names are not important. After all, a rose by any other name, you know."

"Names are only the beginning."

"Then what happens?"

"Well, I keep reading, see? Then comes the descriptions of the girls. Stuff like, 'She entered the room and Joe immediately felt her presence. He

turned and saw this truly feminine woman, her burgeoning breasts straining against her sheer dress.' That kind of stuff, Doc. Every one of them has breasts ready to bust out of their blouses or dresses. With them the material is always being strained to the bursting point. And the material is always so sheer that the guy in the story gets an eyeful without even lifting a hand. These dames all wear bras and panties that are sheerer than their dresses."

"Yes."

"And the underwear, Doc. The underwear really gets me. They are always the tiniest, sexiest panties, all pure silk. Now the heroes of these stories are never stopped just short of the goal line, so to speak. You know what I mean, Doc? Not these guys. They're never frustrated. No sir. I can just about tell you in what paragraph of what chapter they ring up the old t.d. And just at the right time, Doc, these panties and bras and slips always slither to the floor. That's right. They're never actually taken off, Doc, they slither. And if they're not slithering, there is always the 'very soft rustle of silken things.' In every one of these doggone books or magazines there's always rustling and slithering, all of them silken."

"No nylon?"

"Once in a while nylon. But even the nylon slithers. Doc, what the hell is my trouble?"

"What you're telling me is that you never hear slithering or rustling?"

"Doc, man to man, I'm as much of a heller as any guy. But maybe I'm just nuts. It seems to me that every dame I go out with wears sailcloth. That doesn't slither by a long shot."

"Like one story I read. The girl teases this guy and finally he just reaches out, gets a handful of material and yanks. In one second she's standing there like September Morn. Her dress and undies come apart as though she was wearing a comic's break-away suit. Well, I tried that once, Doc. I managed to put a two inch rip in a seam and got slugged for my efforts. "Then there's the pantie bit. A few pantie situations did turn up, but more than likely it's a girdle you'll run into and there's damn little slither in a two-way stretch."

"You seem to be fairly successful in your pursuit of the female."

"Like I said, Doc, I get around. But what's wrong with my hearing and eyesight? Slithering and rustling

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11/61

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I've got just the Gal. Size ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L.

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SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

I never hear. Button-busters and brassiere-snappers I never see. They must exist in abundance, Doc, from all that's being written about them. How can they constantly escape me? These guys must know what they're writing about, or is all this fiction truly fiction? I don't know what to believe any more."

"It's your opinion then, Mr. Smith, that if you actually saw a real, ah, button-buster and truly heard a silken slither, this haunting, fictional ghost—ghostess, I suppose, would be laid to rest?"

"Oh yes, Doc, if I actually saw and heard it, this mind-shattering doubt of my own senses would be ended. All the writers can't be wrong. There are such things, aren't there, Doc?"

"Yes, there are. Now you lie back and relax."

He picked up his phone.

"Miss Fortenay, a case similar to mine at the time I hired you. Can you come in, please?"

Miss Fortenay, removing the white coat, proved to be more than a button-buster—a zipper-zinger, to be sure.

I lay on the couch as quietly as I could (doc sat on my legs and pinned my arms) while Miss Fortenay threw back her shoulders and inhaled deeply. She simultaneously pointed, tilted and

burgeoned, rending into lint what had been her blouse and bra. Through unbelievably delicate yet meaningful undulations, she caused a pair of sheerest silken panties to slither floorward.

Anything reported to me previously by Jimmy Stone, Ted Turner, Phil Stein, et al, paled by comparison.

The treatments are continuing on a nightly basis (for the time being, anyway) including a certain amount of special therapy at which she has proven most adept. Occasionally there is also an early morning treatment. The arrangement is actually very simple: I get the treatments and merely call her Mrs. Herb Smith.



PUB-LICLY YOURS

(continued from page 5)

cocktail lounge is perfect for having a few before and after dinner. Then there are the Ardsley Room (when you're with other couples), the candle-lit Pink Room and outdoor patio (when it's just you and she) and the aforementioned Star Drift Room (for dancing and serious space research).

Continental and American cuisine, under the expert eye and hand of chef John Bayer is served. Some of M. Bayer's specialties are Steak Diane Flambe, Cornish game hen Alexander and Shashlik d'Agneau.

The table d'hote dinners start at \$5.75 and are served from 6 to 11 p.m. nightly, except Monday, when the establishment is closed. Table d'hote luncheons, ranging from \$2.75 to \$3.75 are on tap from noon until 3 p.m.

Frank Galassi supplies organ music in the lounge from 8 p.m. until closing and your drifting and dancing in the Star Drift Room can be entrusted to the capable batonwork of Emil Powell and his crew from 9 p.m. on.

Thanks, Philip Kaklugin, for picking out just the right table under the stars for the writer and friend. You made it a memorable evening (by ordering just the right dishes and wines) and an equally memorable morning (which you had nothing to do with actively).

Who's he?

He's the guy who'll get you the right table, the right menu and the right wine. He's the maitre de. You know; the guy who carries the ball for you. But it's up to you to score your own touchdown.



SOUND ON

(continued from page 4)

wood, What?" and the other is the young comic on "Things Eventful." Baker is basically a stand-up, one line comic, which is supposedly why he's called "well." So why is he the last? And what happened to the sick ones?

Two quite superior Elektra releases, each in quite a different genre, are Josh White's *The House I Live in* (203) and *Los Chiriguano* (202), music of Paraguay. White, of late resurrecting his old style, sounds better with every recording. And no more need be said about his guitar playing in this space—it's incomparable.

The Paraguayan music, for aficionados of the Latin American style, runs pretty much to form. Good, that is.



ABSENS

THE DUDE

"Bleached, I bet."



"The Easy Way"?

*...not on your life, unless
"Bed-Pushing" is your idea of
a pleasant way to spend...*

"Saturday Night"

*...but then, like "The Lord of
Aphrodisiopolis," you may have
other ideas about wife-swapping,
the oldest indoor sport...*

"Since Eve Ate Apples"!

Curious? Just for fun, see December GENT, on sale October 12.

Gone for the swinger who's hip to the latest fashions and the timeliest of trend-setting tips; who reads the most inside of fiction, and knows the most significant facts...

Gone, in short, for the man who reads **The Dude**...

Gone, in short...for you!

HERE
TODAY...

GONE FOR
A SWINGER!

